Week ending February 4 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

BEGINS INSIDE

'Island In The Sun'
by ALEC WAUGH

THE LONG WALK

SLAVOMIR RAWICZ'S heroic story of his 3,000-mile flight to freedom

'Speed In My Blood' by DONALD CAMPBELL

How you feel today depends on how you slept last night!

HOW DID YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT? A man is not an automatic machine. His system needs recharging with nervous energy every night. No wonder nothing runs you down quicker than insufficient sleep. To be at your best you must have about 8 hours sound sleep every night. The trouble is —you can't force yourself to sleep. You have to learn to relax — let yourself go. *And the best way to relax last thing at night is to drink a comforting cup of Milo.*

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Each ounce of MILO contains a minimum of 0.45 milligrams of Vitamin B_1, and 320 I.U.'s of Vitamin D, together with 125 milligrams each of Calcium and Phosphorus

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JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 FEBRUARY 4 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2588

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Alec Waugh, who says his re-creation is watching cricket, joins in a light-hearted game

WHEN Alec Waugh first visited the West Indies in the 1920s, he came back with an idea for a novel. Each time he revisited the Caribbean the idea grew. Now, nearly thirty years after, he has written the novel—*Island In The Sun,* which begins on page 9. It is likely to be his most successful book; it is a U.S. Literary Guild Choice, and the film rights have been sold for £50,000.

Waugh published his first novel, *The Loom Of Youth,* when he was nineteen. Since then he has written eighteen successful books. The first part of *Island In The Sun* was written in various parts of the world—"But, except for some revision, not in England," says his wife, Joan. "He says he can never work at home here in Berkshire." The second part was written in New Hampshire. U.S.A., at the MacDowell Colony, where writers, painters and musicians may work without distractions; it was set up by the widow of Edward MacDowell, musician.

Early last month Waugh went to New York for the American publication of his novel. "He is being fêted and wined," reports his wife, "and says it is all very flattering and very tiring."

As interesting to James Lees-Milne as England's great houses are the people who live in them. "One thing is certain," he says. "The English tradition of delightful eccentricity is still continuing."

Lees-Milne, who writes our new National Trust series, "Open To View" (page 39), is the Trust's architectural adviser. Once he called to see a very old woman who lived in a vast house with one servant. She had six wigs, which she wore according to the weather, and lived on a sofa in a drawing-room with nets on the doors and windows; she was surrounded by parrots and canaries.

At another house, each member of the family disliked the others, and preferred to take meals alone in the dining-room. "There were two brothers and three sisters in the family. By the time the last lunch had been cleared away, it was time for the first tea."

Lees-Milne grew up at Wickhamford Manor in Worcestershire, and now lives abroad for part of the year. "What I like about my job," he says, "is the element of surprise. Once, when we were clearing rubbish from a housemaid's pantry at Arlington Court, in Devon, we found a picture in a gold frame, backed with a *Times* of 1821. It was a valuable original by William Blake."

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THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

Free Speech

- "X" boosts the box office
- Learning life from ludo
- Plastics put speed into soccer

THE horror cinema appears to be taking over where the horror comics left off. Admittedly juveniles cannot see "X" films, but some of the current ones are brutal enough to shake even hardened adult filmgoers like myself.

Managers of some family cinemas, who previously welcomed all "U" programmes above everything else, seem to be accepting "X" films because of their box office appeal to adult audiences. I suspect that studios are delighted when a film is labelled "X."

Realism in the cinema need not always mean sordid brutality and sex. —S. CARR, Brighton.

Mud And Smoke

I did not know that it was an offence to leave a trail of mud on a road ("Spot The Lawbreaker," JOHN BULL, January 7). But mud from my army tank partly caused a serious accident on a hill in Wiltshire, during the war.

Scores of tanks had returned to camp after an exercise on Salisbury Plain one wet day. Later a lorry loaded with Guardsmen and n.c.o.s skidded on the mud we had left, and overturned.

There were, I think, about five men seriously hurt.—A. L. DIXON, Keighley, Yorkshire.

. . . In your illustration (January 7) a fire is burning within fifty feet of the centre of the road. This is an offence too.—R. WINTERS, Melton Mowbray.

"A bonfire within fifty feet of the centre of a highway is only an offence when done to the injury of the highway, or to the injury, interruption or personal danger of any passer by," says a barrister.

Who Shivers?

It simply is not true ("Free Speech," January 14) that the north of Britain as a whole is colder than the south. In the winter, Newcastle is as warm as Kent, and the Western Isles of Scotland are as warm as Devon—hence the palm trees growing in Arran, on the Clyde estuary. The coldest part of Britain in the winter is Norfolk.—F. HUGHES, Doncaster, Yorkshire.

Tynemouth, where the average January temperature is 39.9 degrees, is not as warm as Dover (40.7 degrees), nor is Stornoway in the Hebrides (40.5 degrees) as warm as Plymouth (43.9 degrees). But Tynemouth, Stornoway and Greenock all have a higher mean temperature than Norwich (38.6 degrees), and the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire and south-east Yorkshire, where the average temperature is below forty-four degrees, are colder than many parts of Scotland. Warmest of all are the Scilly Isles (over fifty degrees), Devon, Cornwall and the Pembroke coast.

A Hard World

My son, who is five and a half, has learned to count and thoroughly enjoys the dice games and snakes and ladders he received at Christmas. Recently, for the first time, I joined him in a game of ludo and "knocked him home"; he burst into tears and the game was ruined.

My husband said that I shouldn't have done it—that he never wins, and that the boy will be ready to lose when he's older.

Is he too young to learn the hard way?—J. MCCUTCHEON, Ampleforth, York.

"Nobody enjoys being 'knocked home' at ludo—which anyway is really a game for ten-year-olds and over," says a child psychologist. "The important thing is to let a child face the world in easy stages. If a young boy bursts into tears he is not ready for that sort of treatment. This does not mean that he will not learn to take defeat eventually."

Tourists Under Escort

The reform in Egypt that appealed to me most was the institution of the Tourist Patrol last year. In their shining uniforms, white in summer and blue in winter, the men of this force discreetly watch over the comfort of foreign visitors in Cairo.

Anyone who has been mobbed by persistent Egyptian beggars, or had dealings with the less scrupulous type of Eastern street trader, will appreciate the presence of these men, many of whom are linguists. Other Oriental countries with a stake in the tourist trade could learn from Egypt.—G. A. FLORIS, London, N.W.1.

Flighty Football

One of the reasons for poor soccer is the use of the orange or white ball soaked in a plastic solution, which remains as lively at the end of a game as at the beginning.

The old leather ball, which absorbed moisture and mud, grew

heavier, and therefore easier to control, during a game in muddy conditions. Players could dribble it and get some force behind their shots.

But you cannot aim the modern ball properly—it spins into the air like a toy balloon. This is why football has become so scrappy.—A. J. FRAIN, Wingate, Durham.

"I think the orange or white ball is a definite advantage on heavy grounds," says Jack Oxberry, the trainer to Chelsea F.C. "It is easier to see, easier to move, and speeds up the game. Although it has a tendency to swing in the air, I prefer it to the untreated ball in winter conditions."

Lost Crown

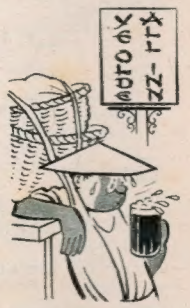
Frenchman Georges Duhamel is reported to have said (JOHN BULL, January 7) that "courtesy is not dead, it has merely taken refuge in Great Britain."

No sane man could describe Britain as a courteous country today. I think the West Indians have inherited that crown. Those I have met have impressed me by their politeness, charm and obvious sincerity.—S. DENHAM, University College, Cardiff.

. . . The poet Heine is supposed to have said: "My heart sinks within me when I reflect that even Shakespeare was an Englishman—a member of the most repulsive race that God in his wrath ever created." —V. W. GILBERT, London, S.E.3.

JOHN BULL'S *quotations this week are on Happiness.*

Restful Slabs



One of the delights of British country taverns is their rustic seats. In China, before the Communists took over, I found "seats" outside their taverns. But they were made of stone and were about four feet high. When a tea coolie arrived he would turn his back and rest his heavy load on the high slab.—T. J. DAVIES, Llanddewi Brefi, Cardiganshire.

Mystery Solved

During the Allied advance on Bremen, in 1945, I was in a naval p.o.w. camp between Bremen and Hamburg. One day the Germans announced that all naval personnel were to be marched to Danzig, leaving the Merchant Navy men behind.

Promptly I arranged with the Merchant Navy to hide in the roof of one of their huts—number six. I was very scared during a search by the Germans when they prodded around with bayonets and blazed away with revolvers; then I began to creep from my hiding place.

To my horror I saw, at the other end of the roof, a figure advance towards me in the gloom. The figure suddenly stopped, stooped and vanished through a trapdoor.

For eleven years I wondered who shared my hide-out during those desperate hours. Now, thanks to JOHN BULL (January 7) I know. It was William Fleming, the hero of "Diamond Fever." — J. FROST, Faversham, Kent.

Best By Road

My wife and I feel that the best way to see Britain is by road. We think that British road courtesy is excellent, and we admire your roundabouts and the bus stops away from intersections. In Canada, "clover leaf" junctions occupy acres of valuable land.—H. J. AYRIS, Toronto.

Rings Banished

I cannot understand why I am not allowed to wear an engagement ring on nursing duty. I am always being pestered for dates by patients.—MISS D. CAFFREY, Hightown, Liverpool.

Most hospitals forbid finger rings on hygienic grounds. Dirt may lodge in their stones, or the stones may catch on bandages, or cut patients. Some hospitals allow nurses to wear wedding rings because they can be scrubbed easily.

Ear To Ear

Zelinski's illustrations to "A Present For The Caid" (JOHN BULL, December 10) are excellent except for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Murraymints the too-good-to-hurry mints

There is no way of doing justice in words to the pleasure of MURRAYMINTS. Do try them for yourself. You'll find them absolutely fascinating. They're hard, with a creamy smoothness, and they have a delicate hint of mint that's most refreshing. MURRAYMINTS last a wonderfully long time!

-with a delicious hint of mint!

One look and

Artists tickle their palates with

LYONS

GREENLINE MINTS

Follow the greenline to delight.

Treat yourself to a bag of these luscious, melt-in-the-mouth Greenline Mints. But take it easy—or you'll soon have nothing left but the wrappers. Once you've started on these rich mint fillings, it's just about impossible to stop. So better hide the bag, quickly, before the family gets hold of it.

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No-one can mint chocs like Lyons

Delicious, refreshing mint creams coated with smooth, rich chocolate.
1/- *a quarter.*

LYONS MINT CHOCS

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the clothes. The Riffs, who are a mountain people of Phoenician stock, unlike the people of Fez and Marrakesh, wear turbans and usually two jellabahs, over high-necked garments.

I was a small girl in Fez during the "massacre" of 1911. My sister and I spent hours locked in a room full of empty soda-water bottles, while the Moors and the French fought. Soda was popular because all other water had to be boiled.

Later I went for a walk, small beside my father in the magnificent Moorish uniform which he wore as doctor to the sultan.

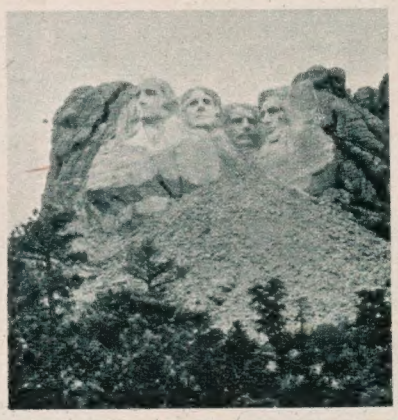
We encountered three Moors carrying a Negro, and quickly my father turned my face away. But I had time to see that the Negro's throat had been cut from ear to ear.—MRS. TA'BOIS, Farnham, Surrey.

Point Made

Recently, in our local cinema, a notice appeared on the screen upside down. After a delay, while the screen remained blank, the notice was righted. It read: "Experienced projectionist wanted urgently — apply manager." — R. BARBER, Sidcup, Kent.

Big Heads

The largest of all sculptures ("Free Speech," December 17) are on Mount Rushmore, in South Dakota. Here the busts of four ex-Presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, Lincoln and Washington—are cut from the granite mountain on



a scale proportionate to men 465 feet high. It is sixty feet from the top of Washington's head to his chin.

Work on the busts began in 1927 and is still going on.—A. FRANCIS, Guildford, Surrey.

Britain Is Best

I have lived in Holland for nearly three years and have never yet seen a Dutch woman scrub the pavement ("Free Speech," January 7).

British women are usually smarter than the Dutch and do far more cooking—most food in Holland is boiled or fried. A cup of tea costs 11d. and all the best goods in the shops come from Britain, selling at twice their price at home.

Britain is the best — and the cheapest—country in the world.—MRS. K. EVANS, Army Post Office, Hook of Holland.

Sneezeless Doctors

There is no cure for the common cold, everyone says. But doctors, although in the midst of infection, seldom

seem to have a cold or 'flu. How do they do it?—A. W. CURRIE, Thorpe Bay, Essex.

"Not by keeping magic medicines up our sleeves," says a doctor. "Living among various germs, I do achieve a resistance to them. The exception is in the days following the first surgery after my annual holiday."

Private Pews

Recently I visited a church in another parish and sat in an empty pew. The verger told me it was a private pew and asked me to move, putting me behind a massive stone pillar. The pew I had left remained empty, although other worshippers were sitting on chairs in odd corners. In my opinion private pews are out of date. —A. BYRON, Prescot, Lancashire.

Though private pews are rarely found today, they are still legally permissible and, in the Anglican Church, can be held by a faculty from the bishop. Or they can be attached to an estate by a prescription. Churchwardens may direct people into them if they are unoccupied after a service has begun. Private pews are frowned upon in the Roman Catholic Church.

Not Sheeplike

Sheep are not unintelligent, as some people assert. Walking through my flock, I noticed a ewe with an injured leg. As I was without my dog, I left the treatment until next day, when I found the animal waiting patiently at the gate. It followed me home like a dog, without being driven by the collie.

When the treatment was finished I put the sheep back on the fell. She has not shown any amiability towards the shepherds since.—R. MURRAY, Hallbankgate, Cumberland.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

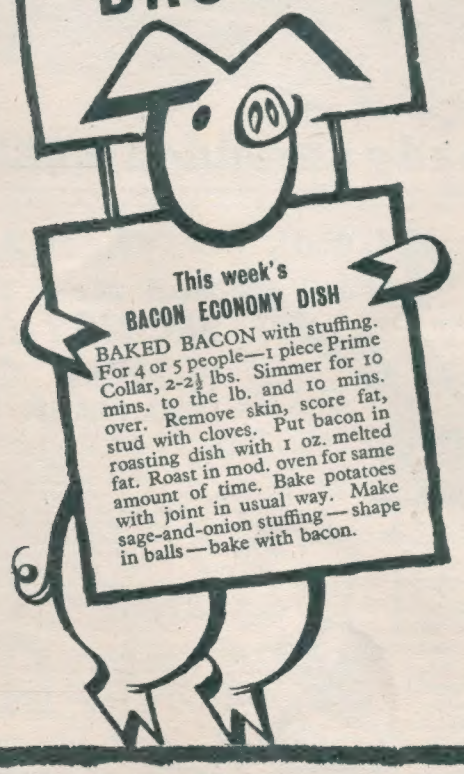
THE COVER

IT'S as easy, said Father, as falling off a log—which wasn't the happiest introduction to one of life's great lessons. Even when the first two-wheeler is as small as the unambitious one on the cover, the ground's still hard and an awfully long way away. It can be a painful chapter in a boy's education, but it's in the natural order of things. Babies ride on four wheels, toddlers take three and youthful speed kings two. Later, of course, it's back to four wheels and an even tougher time for Niven's cover Father. Not even the first bike is as obstinate as the family car.

"Bacon for Sunday dinner — smashing!" say Brian and Jeremy Bromley of Leeds. It's their mother's favourite, too. For about 12/-, she usually gets enough for Monday and Tuesday, as well. Saves her time, work and money!

For a Sunday-Monday-Tuesday meal

GIVE THEM BACON


This week's
BACON ECONOMY DISH
BAKED BACON with stuffing. For 4 or 5 people—1 piece Prime Collar, 2-2½ lbs. Simmer for 10 mins. to the lb. and 10 mins. over. Remove skin, score fat, stud with cloves. Put bacon in roasting dish with 1 oz. melted fat. Roast in mod. oven for same amount of time. Bake potatoes with joint in usual way. Make sage-and-onion stuffing — shape in balls — bake with bacon.

Bacon makes a grand Sunday joint. Delicious boiled or baked. And just as good when you eat it up cold next day.

Remember — bacon is quick and easy to prepare. Good value, too, because there's not a lot of bone or gristle. And of course you can use what's left for all sorts of tasty dishes. Bacon goes with almost everything.

Wonderful Food Value. Ounce for ounce, there's far greater food energy in bacon than in other meat. That's why you need it *regularly*, especially in winter. And it's another reason why bacon is such outstanding value. Sandwiches for him to take to work? What could be better than bacon!

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Any way you look at it **BACON IS A GOOD BUY**

Backstage build-up. *Show business can be a tremendous strain. Especially when you've a family to care for as well—like Barbara Kelly. 'I like my Oxo after the show,' she says. 'It's the most cheering drink I know.'*

'After the show it's Oxo for me'

says Barbara Kelly

LIFE'S one long rush for Barbara Kelly. Theatre engagements. TV rehearsals. Radio appearances. 'They take it out of you, you know,' she says. 'Sometimes after a show I just feel like flopping. Then someone brings me a nice big steaming cup of Oxo and I feel better just looking at it. And it tastes marvellous! I use Oxo Cubes a lot when I'm cooking, too. Bernie says a beef steak pie is twice as tasty when there's Oxo in it.'

Beef pielets coming up! *'Lots of beefy steak — that's what you need on a cold winter's day. And these pielets are tastier, more savoury still with Oxo Cubes.'*

Any meal's much tastier with Oxo. It puts new life into left-overs. It's wonderful for soups and stews. For making lashings of beefy gravy. And for making a quick hot drink that puts new life into you whenever the strain begins to tell.

Wise housewives know this. They know that cooking—good cooking—is easy with Oxo. And they know they can't get anything, anywhere as good as Oxo at the price. Get some Oxo Cubes today—and see how easy it is to be a good cook!

BARBARA'S KITCHEN

Here is one of Barbara's favourite recipes. You can make it yourself quickly and easily with Oxo Cubes. Try it. You're sure to like it.

BEEF PIELETS For three you need:

½ lb. cold lean beef
1 lb. creamed potatoes
1 small onion
Grated nutmeg
2 Oxo Cubes
1 dessertsp. flour
1 tablesp. margarine or dripping
Salt and pepper

Crumble the Oxo Cubes and dissolve in a cupful of hot water. Mince onion and then the beef. Fry the onion in three-quarters of the fat until soft. Sprinkle in flour and cook until it froths. Gradually add Oxo stock and stir until boiling. Season and mix with the beef. Line 3 flat ovenproof dishes with some of the potato, well seasoned and flavoured with nutmeg. Fill centre with meat. Cover with remaining potato swirled to a peak. Brush with melted fat and brown quickly under the grill. Serve with tomato sauce.

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makes meals tastier!

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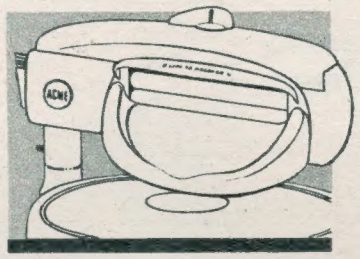

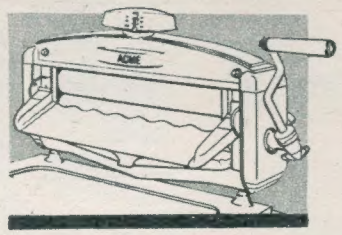

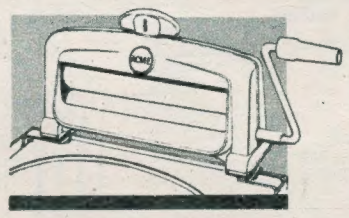

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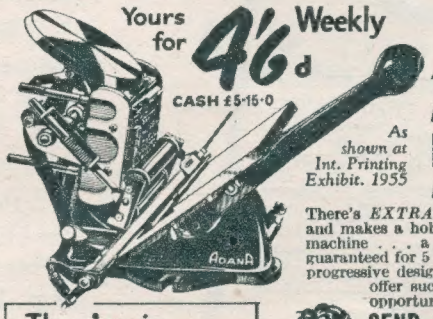

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ISLAND IN THE SUN

by ALEC WAUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

MAXWELL FLEURY rarely smoked. He was on that account peculiarly sensitive to the odour of tobacco. The moment he came into the house he was conscious of the scent of a cigarette stronger than those which his wife and sister used.

He crossed into the drawing-room. It was three o'clock on a February afternoon. The windows were open to combat the West Indian heat, and a breeze was blowing from the hills. Yet the smell was stronger here. Turkish tobacco, or Egyptian. Who would smoke that kind of cigarette, expensive and exotic, in this remote, obscure little British island?

He looked in the ash-trays by the sofa; no unusual cigarette stubs. Who had been here? His mother was visiting Barbados. His father had been with him all the morning, going over the estate accounts in the office. They had lunched together at the club. Who had been here besides Sylvia and Jocelyn?

From outside came the crunch of wheels. Then the sound of voices: Sylvia's and Jocelyn's.

They came in chattering and laughing as he finished examining an ash-tray: they were sandy and dishevelled. He stepped towards his wife; he liked Sylvia this way—she seemed so much more approachable than when her blonde hair lay smooth above her ears and her cheeks were masked with make-up.

"Were there many on the beach?" he asked.

"The usual. The Kellaways, most of the younger set, and Mavis." Mavis was her sister.

She bounded up the stairs, supple and slim and rounded.

"I'll come up with you," Jocelyn called.

Maxwell turned towards Jocelyn. She must know who had been here this morning, but his

As he examined the ash-trays, his suspicion began to grow. Did his wife have a lover?

pride would not let him question her. In silence he watched her follow his wife upstairs. Jocelyn was twenty to his twenty-three and most men would have thought of her as the perfect sister, friendly, good-natured, pretty and fresh and blonde. Why hadn't they become the friends they should? His fault, he supposed, as usual.

He went up to his bedroom. What was wrong with him? He stared at his reflection in the glass. He was tallish, athletic, strong: he had regular features, a pale complexion, smooth dark hair. What had Sylvia against him? He never flirted; he didn't drink. He was crazy over her. No one could call him "a bad match." The Fleurys might not be rich—who was, in the West Indies now?—but they were one of the oldest families in the islands. Their estate house, Belfontaine, was in every guide-book, and when he and Sylvia got bored with living, they were always welcome here, in Jamestown, in his father's house. What more could she want?

He stretched himself dejectedly under the mosquito net.

They were going to a party at Government House that evening to welcome the governor's son on a holiday visit, and Maxwell needed sleep: but his mind was racing. Jealousy tore at him. Sylvia had never loved him in the way that he did her. He had always suspected that sooner or later there would come into her life a man to whom she would respond. Was this that moment? Who had smoked that cigarette . . . ?

THE governor's son, Euan, had arrived in Santa Marta the previous evening. Ostensibly the party that day was being given in Euan's honour, but a secondary project was involved. The proprietor of the *Baltimore Star*, Mr. Wilson P. Romer, was in transit on a winter cruise, and it was desirable that he should carry back to America a favourable impression of the island.

"The native West Indian," Major-General the Lord Templeton told his A.D.C., "is highly susceptible to American opinion. If we handle Mr. Romer tactfully, articles may appear in the American press that will make our work here easier."

The governor spoke with the firm, confident voice of one who is accustomed to giving orders. He was in the early fifties, grey-haired, with a trim, spare figure and a military bearing.

"But I'm not only concerned," he went on, "with the effect that Mr. Romer's articles will have upon the Santa Martans. I want the Americans themselves to be assured that we are pursuing here a democratic policy."

"Yes, sir."

The governor looked at his A.D.C. sharply. Nothing could be more deferential than Captain Denis Archer's manner, but now and again his voice assumed a tone that inspired misgivings. Had he been wise in his selection? For a widower such as himself, the need for a satisfactory A.D.C. was primary.

"Mr. Romer must be shown that as far as Government House is concerned, the various sections of the community meet on equal terms. The party must not, that is to say, be allowed to form itself into separate groups of white, near white, brown and black. If you see such groups forming, break them up. I want Romer to meet representative members of the community; I shall make a number of these introductions myself. At the same time, Romer must not feel that his hand is being forced; some introduction must be made by you.

"Let us take the case of David Boyeur," he continued. "Some of our reactionaries think he's dangerous. I don't agree. He's young and brash, but he'll be dangerous only if he's handled tactlessly. He's under thirty and he's not only organized a trade union movement but got it in his pocket. At the same time, I don't want to give the impression that he's my protégé. He's not. It would be better if you did the introducing. Then I can say to Romer afterwards, 'I saw you talking to young Boyeur. I wonder how he struck you?' I shall be surprised if Boyeur does not make a good impression. The boy's direct, forthcoming. Then I'll say, 'That is very interesting. That's how he strikes me. If he's our most dangerous revolutionary, I don't feel I've much to worry over.' You see my point?"

"Yes, sir."

"At the same time I don't want Romer to run away with the idea that our planters are tiresome reactionaries. They aren't—the better ones. Julian Fleury, in particular. I'll ensure that Romer has a talk with him. Now let me see the list of guests. . . ."

The invitation cards read, "5 p.m. to 7 p.m." The party started in the garden, with tables set under the trees and tea, sandwiches and ices being served; at sunset the gathering would move indoors for whiskies-and-soda and rum swizzles.

Euan Templeton stood at his father's side while the guests filed across the lawn to be presented.

As Archer announced the guests, his father amplified the introductions. "Mr. Codrington is one of our health inspectors. He is also our best fast bowler . . . Miss De Voeux is matron of the hospital . . . Mr. Lestrange is our attorney-general. A very formidable person!"

NINE-TENTHS of the guests had dark complexions; they were of every shade of colour and every type of feature. Euan had read a West Indian history before coming out, he had learned of the immense basic differences between the various West African tribes that had been ransacked by the slave traders of the Guinea coast. He knew that in the mid-nineteenth century, following the abolition of slavery, Hindu labour from India had been indented. He had expected a mixture, but not one like this: every shade of colour from sepia to olive grey, every texture of hair from short black curls to a smooth gleaming surface, every variety of profile. He was fascinated.

For twenty minutes there was a steady stream of guests across the lawn; then there was a tapering off.

"I must stay at my post a little longer," the governor said. "But I don't think you need, my boy. You can start campaigning."

Jocelyn Fleury saw Euan move away from his father's side and stand on the terrace, hesitant, looking round him. I'll will him to look at me, she thought. She stared hard at him. His glance moved across the lawn, reached her, checked. She smiled and he smiled back with recognition. So he *did* remember her, she thought on a note of triumph. There was, of course, every reason why he should.

There was a close family connection. Their fathers had been at school together, had come from the same part of England. The governor had made a special point over their introductions. But even so, there had been so many introductions.

She was standing by the archdeacon. "I don't need to remind you, do I," she said, as Euan came up, "that this is Father Roberts?"

"Of course you don't," Euan said. He smiled at the archdeacon. "It's a curious

Euan watched Mavis as she came towards them. "She's very attractive," he said. Wasn't this the dream he had cherished?

thing, Father, but I know more about this young lady than she does about herself."

"How is that?" the archdeacon asked.

"I was born within ten miles of her. I know her grandparents, I know her cousins, I know all the people and the countryside that her parents knew when they were young. None of which she has seen herself."

"He's quite right, Father. I left there when I was two. I've not been back."

"I could tell her more about the country of her birth than her own parents could; and, in just the same way, she could tell me a great deal more about my father's present country than he knows himself."

The archdeacon smiled. "I'm very sure she could," he said.

"Then don't you think I should be wise to put myself in her hands?"

"You'd be most wise," the archdeacon said with amusement.

Jocelyn laughed, and for the next ten minutes she and Euan chatted gaily together. The archdeacon listened to their conversation benignly. He was not surprised to hear them arranging to go swimming the following afternoon. The lack of formality among these young people was, he thought, very refreshing.

"I mustn't monopolize you," Jocelyn said finally. "There are a great many people here who want to meet you. Let's see now who there is."

They turned together, looking across the lawn. "There's Mr. Lestrange over there, and Mrs. Norman, whose daughter married my brother. Then there's my brother——"

But his attention was already caught. "Heavens, what a surprise! I'd never realized *he* was here."

She followed his glance. He was staring at a tall, wiry young man with short crinkly hair and an olive, pale complexion.

The archdeacon said: "So you know Grainger Morris, then?"

"I'll say I do. He was in the Middle East while I was stationed there."

"Did you see much of him?"

"As much as I could. He was in too great a demand. I don't know if you know the way it is out there, but the welfare authorities send out lecturers from England to boost the troops' morale; some are dreary, but to get somebody like Grainger Morris, who, as an athlete, was a hero to half the men before he started, now that was something."

There was a glow of hero worship in the young man's voice. The archdeacon chuckled inwardly. This was a situation after his own heart.

Grainger Morris was the son of a Santa Martan business man. He had won a scholarship to Oxford and had recently returned to the island after seven years in England. He had been a spectacular success there. He had won a blue for cricket and for rugger; he had been president of the Union. At Oxford and in London he had been a welcome guest in any house, but here, because of his colour, he could not join the Country Club. His friendship with the governor's son would frame an amusing social comedy.

"The troops were crazy over him," Euan was continuing. "I must go across and say hullo to him."

There was no doubting the genuineness of his delight at finding Morris here. It would make a pretty problem for the Santa Martan socialites.

DENIS ARCHER was having an awkward moment. The party had been in progress forty minutes and he had failed to put into action one of his chief's first instructions. He had not introduced David Boyeur to this American tycoon.

He had not, in fact, seen Boyeur, who was, at that moment, outside the Government House gates arguing with a highly picturesque young woman.

Margot Seaton was a local girl; lithe, brown-skinned, twenty years old, she worked in the Bon Marché pharmacy, and had been going about with Boyeur for two years.

"No," she was saying. "No, I can't go in. I've not been invited. I can't crash a party at G.H."

"You can if you're with me."

He spoke arrogantly, flinging out his chest. He was tall, broad-shouldered; he had little if any white blood in his veins. He was dressed flamboyantly: brown-and-white buckskin shoes; a chocolate-coloured pin-stripe suit; a long, thin, canary-yellow tie; he wore a Homburg-shaped hat made of straw, with a wide bandanna band. The colours harmonized on him. He was a striking creature.

"You bet it'll be all right. If you'd been my sister they'd have said, 'Why, bring her!' I'll say that you're my cousin. What's the difference?"

"You know there's a big difference," the girl replied.

"Not where David Boyeur is concerned. They're afraid of David Boyeur. They don't

want another strike." He was enjoying himself immensely.

"Come on. Don't be yellow," he said.

"Very well; let's go on, then." The suddenness with which she changed her attitude took him off his guard. She noted his hesitation. "Are you quite sure that you want me to come?" she asked.

"Of course. Why not?"

"Well, in that case——" She paused. She held his eyes with hers. There was in them an expression that he had not seen before; it was not hostility, it was more appraisal.

"Would you rather not?" she said. There was in her voice an accent of contempt. That accent decided him. He had to show her who the master was.

"Come along," he said.

The sight of Boyeur coming up the drive was a cause of unbounded relief to Denis Archer. Thank heavens, he thought, and hurried over.

"You're very late," he began, then checked. From under the trees he had noticed only Boyeur. He was vaguely conscious of a companion at his side. Now suddenly he saw her. He started, stared, and a shiver passed along his nerves. Who on earth was she? It was the first time he had seen her. He had thought that he knew everyone on the list. "You're so late," he said, "that I was beginning to think I'd forgotten to invite you."

Boyeur laughed, a loud, self-confident laugh. "You need not have worried about that. I knew there was a party and if I hadn't received an invitation, I would have rung you up to ask if there was some mistake. By the way, you know my cousin, don't you, Margot Seaton?"

"No, I don't think I do."

Her hand was dry and cool; it had short, lean fingers. As they shook hands the bangles on her wrist shook together. Denis turned to Boyeur. "I know that your cousin will excuse us, but H.E. wishes you to meet Wilson Romer, an American newspaper proprietor. I'm sure Miss Seaton can look after herself. She must know everybody here."

"I shall be quite all right."

Her voice was deeper than he had expected, almost contralto.

Denis led Boyeur across the lawn to the American, effected the introduction, started them talking, moved away. He thought Margot Seaton had joined a group of youngish people; she was laughing and talking, but he had the sensation that she was watching him. He walked across to her.

"How is it that I've not seen you anywhere around?" he asked.

"Probably because you buy your toothpaste at the Cosmos."

"What do I take that to mean?"

"I work in the Bon Marché."

"Oh!" He did not know why it should surprise him, but it did. "I'll change my patronage," he said.

"We'll appreciate that." She said it on a note of mockery; he felt very young. He could not think of anything to say.

"You're wondering what I'm doing here," she said. "As a matter of fact, I haven't any right. I wasn't invited."

"You mean you gate-crashed?"

"Not as bad as that. Mr. Boyeur dared me; he said it would be all right if I came in with him. I knew it wouldn't be. But I don't like being dared. So I came along."

"Next time I'll see you're properly invited."

"That's very good of you."

Sharply across the noise of talk, silencing it, rang the first bugle notes of the Last Post. Dusk had fallen; the Union Jack was being lowered. Everyone stood to attention. As the last note sounded, the governor turned towards the house. It was the signal for the cocktail party to begin.

Archer knew what his duty was. He had to get into that house before the governor, to see that everything ran smoothly. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I've got to see that everything goes well in there."

"Of course you have." She said it as though he were a small boy afraid of being late for school. . . .

After the party, the Fleurys went to the Country Club. As they came on to the porch, Sylvia hesitated; a year ago she would have gone to the end of the veranda with Jocelyn and Mavis, to form a rallying point for the younger set. But as a married woman her place was in the bridge room or the matrons' circle. She would have given a lot to have joined in the gossip about Euan Templeton with Jocelyn and her sister. But the end of the veranda was, on such a night, no place for her.

She turned into the cardroom. From her seat at the bridge table she could see the girls at the far end of the veranda. Mavis and Jocelyn had been joined by Doris Kellaway, the daughter of one of the chief sugar planters. Doris was dark-haired, pale-skinned; her genealogy included an African ancestor. . . .

Doris was talking now. "We're in for the time of our lives," she was asserting. "Think of all the parties there'll be given for him. And he's so good-looking."

"I wouldn't say good-looking. I'd say nice-looking," Mavis interrupted.

They discussed what he was like inside himself. They compared what he had said to each.

"He asked me how we spent the day here, what our routine was," Jocelyn said.

"I did better than that," said Doris. "He said he was delighted that there were so many pretty girls."

"Girls—in the plural? I don't think you did so well. He wanted to know what I did myself."

"Did he ask you to do anything?"

"As a matter of fact, he did. He asked me to arrange a bathing party for tomorrow."

"He did? Then that's why he didn't ask any of us. He knew he would be seeing us tomorrow."

"How did he know that? He didn't know that I'd be asking you."

"He must have had the sense to know that we wouldn't let you take him out without us—as early as this, anyhow."

They laughed in unison.

"Who shall we take along with us?" Jocelyn asked.

"That A.D.C.?"

There was a pause. No one was completely ready to say exactly what she thought about the A.D.C. He had been here for three months. He had been cordial, gracious, but he had shown no preference.

"I suppose we shall have to ask him."

It was the conclusion to which they were invariably forced when they planned a party. This lamentable lack of men.

"What about Grainger Morris?" Jocelyn asked. "He and Euan know each other."

Again there was a pause. Each knew exactly what was in the other's minds. Colour was not a topic that they discussed. It was a point on which they were subject to their parents' ruling.

"I don't see why we shouldn't ask him to a beach party."

"I don't see either."

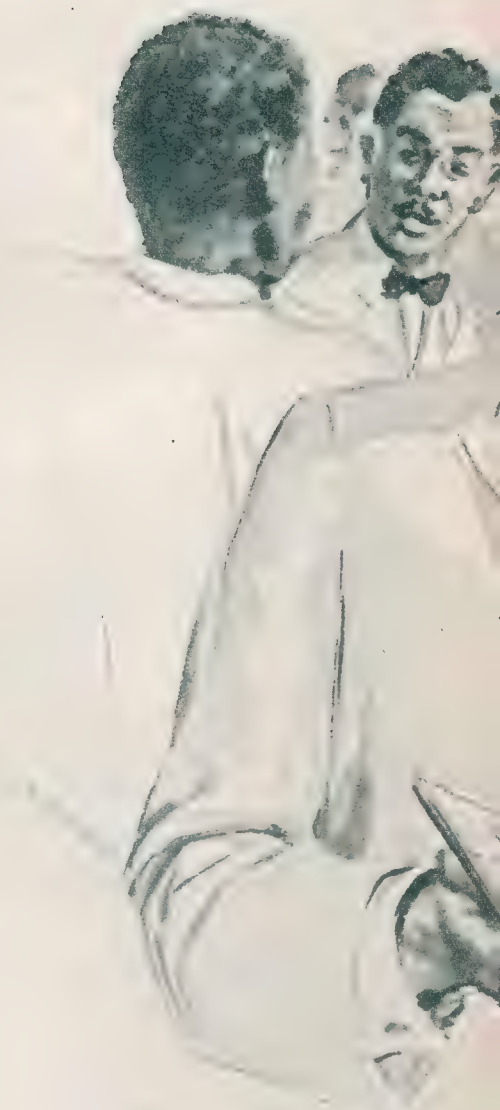
"Perhaps it would be better if we asked Euan to ask him. We could say we don't know Grainger very well."

"We might do that."

They couldn't ask him to the Country Club: they could not invite him to their houses without asking their parents, which they would not want to do. But there was something conveniently non-committal about a picnic party on a neutral beach.

"It's all very silly," Doris said.

They nodded in agreement. They did not say what it was they all thought silly. But it was, each one conceded, ridiculous in a high degree. . . .



As Maxwell read the cigarette wording, he felt horror and rage grow within him

From his station at the bar, Maxwell Fleury could see his wife's face in profile. He watched her as she gathered up her hand, as she sorted out the suits, as she played the cards. No change of expression crossed her face. How could he, how could anyone, tell what she was thinking? Was she, even as she played her hand, re-living that morning hour with the man who had smoked a Turkish cigarette in his father's drawing-room? Who had it been?

He rested the back of his hand against his head. He had been through too much today. He and Sylvia had come into town the night before so that he and his father could go over the estate accounts. The price of copra was going up, but the profits remained stationary. He had talked to his father of contributory factors: the atmosphere of impending change under the influence of this new governor, with upstarts like David Boyeur threatening you with strikes, the peasants robbing you and the police backing them.

His father had listened in his courteous, patient way. "Yes," he had said. "Yes, yes," and then he had asked questions that had shown very clearly that he was not interested in

vague theories, but was concerned with the tangible entries of a balance sheet.

Maxwell was in a black mood of mingled self-pity and self-contempt. It was his fault that the estate was running at a loss. What good was he at anything? He couldn't even make his own wife love him.

He knew what people said about him: "Fancy Julian Fleury having a son like that." Everyone admired his father. At the club, at every party, his father was the centre of a group. Everyone kept telling him how marvellous his father was. Well, and why shouldn't he be? He had had every chance. He hadn't been dragged up in this dreary island, taught by a half-caste in a class of coloured boys.

IN comparison, what had he to offer? Nothing. He had no polish, no real education. He had made no friends because he had not met the kind of man with whom he could be friends. No wonder the profits dropped; no wonder Sylvia despised him.

At his side the familiar topics were being discussed: the price of copra, sugar, cocoa; the coming elections, the chances of West Indian federation. Colonel Carson was holding forth.

"I'm not in a position to judge, I know," he was saying. "I've only been here three years. But why don't more of you fellows go into politics yourselves? Why don't you take up the challenge, fight these fellows at the polls, show the voters that you are cleverer than their Boyeurs?"

He paused. He looked round the circle. His eye fell on Maxwell. "A young chap like you, now. Why don't you stand in your own district? Your name means a lot there. You'd probably get in."

Maxwell flushed, flattered and excited at being thus singled out by a man he admired, and before all these others. The idea fired his brain.

Why shouldn't he stand for the Legislative Council? He was a Fleury, wasn't he? This was his chance to show them. . . .

At the Carlton Cinema, David Boyeur and Margot Seaton were about to watch from the most expensive seats the first showing in Santa Marta of *Christopher Columbus*. There was still five minutes to pass before the picture started. Boyeur was in high spirits. He had been made much of at the party.

He had also felt proud of Margot. He had kept his eye on her, and her poise had pleased him.

"If anyone had told me that first evening I danced with you at Carnival that within three years you'd be a guest at Government House, I'd have roared with laughter," he said.

"Would you? I shouldn't have."

"What?"

"Would you have been surprised if you had been told then that you'd be there today?"

"Heavens, no! I've always known that I'd be in the big time soon."

"Maybe I've known it, too, about myself."

"You?" He stared at her. She still looked to him the child who at that first dance had set every sense alight. She was smiling ironically.

"I was never quite as simple as you thought," she said.

He looked at her thoughtfully. Perhaps she hadn't been. Perhaps that was why she had laid so firm a hold on him, a hold that he had not resented, that he had made no attempt to break.

He saw her with new eyes. She could be a credit to him, an asset in his career. They'd make a good team, he and she. Why hadn't he realized that before?

"This is a strange place to be saying it," he said. "But I think we should be getting married soon."

HE had expected to hear a gasp of surprised delight. He did not. She turned her head slowly and looked him in the face.

"I've never thought of you in terms of marriage," she replied.

"Then you can start thinking now."

She shook her head. "That wouldn't be at all a good idea."

"Now, listen——"

The lights went off and the room was filled with the noise of the music. A series of advertisements was flashed upon the screen. On all sides of them the audience chattered on with unabated animation. Boyeur alone was speechless.

To have been turned down—for David Boyeur to have been rejected, and by a girl with whom he had been going steady for thirty months! She must be joking.

He took her hand. It lay limp in his.

The subject of their marriage might never have been brought up. He felt indignant. She couldn't get away with this. He loosed his hold upon her fingers, and let the palm of his hand rest upon her knee.

"If you don't stop that, I'll leave."

Boyeur took no notice. His hand tightened.

"Very well!"

It happened so quickly that he did not realize that it was happening. She was on her feet. They were two seats from the aisle. Without fuss or hurry, she edged past the couple in her way. At her normal slow pace of walking, she left the cinema.

His eyes followed her through the dark. It was incredible. Had many people noticed her? His vanity prevented him from hurrying after her. He could not face a scene.

There was nothing for him to do but to sit on and pretend nothing had happened. . . .

Grainger Morris lived with his parents in a section of Jamestown that had been taken over by the better-class coloured families.

His family had finished its evening meal when he arrived home. "I've kept some soup hot for you," his mother said.

He shook his head. He had taken a good deal of nourishment at the party. He was in no temper to sit at table and make conversation.

He had been home five months now, but he had not realized until tonight to what extent those seven years in England had spoiled him for life in the island of his birth.

In England, where nearly everyone was white, his dark skin had been disregarded. As a rugger and cricket blue, he had met his contemporaries upon equal terms. He had been a member of Vincent's. He had been president

Continued on page 49

Londoners take their underground railway for granted, but things can go wrong. Kenneth Burrows and his breakdown crew roar to the rescue when the watchword is . . .

L.T. URGENT

by DON EVERITT

IN the crispness of early morning, a siren blasting through the Neasden railway depot of London Transport sent eight men scampering from their work. Four minutes later, two lorries roared out of the depot, with illuminated signs displaying L.T. URGENT.

At Kingsbury, three miles away, the telephone interrupted Kenneth Burrows as he sat down to a hot breakfast. He took the message, pulled on a coat, bade his wife a hasty goodbye and hurried to his car. The breakfast went cold.

At seven twenty-four that morning, a pair of wheels on a Bakerloo Line tube train had jumped the rails in the tunnel near Elephant and Castle station. By nine thirty, Burrows, Neasden's breakdown engineer, and his gang of eight men had rerailed the tube car. At ten thirty-three, the line resumed normal service.

Burrows got back home for breakfast at a quarter to twelve. At four minutes past twelve, as he started to eat, the telephone rang again. Another meal went cold. In Kings Cross tube station, a Piccadilly Line train had gone too far into a reversing tunnel and shot over the safety catch points. This job took Burrows and his men a little longer. The points had carried the derailed car awkwardly against the tunnel wall. Just before three, a motorman drove the righted train away. Burrows breakfasted at four in the afternoon.

A likeable forty-six year old Londoner with spectacles, a toothbrush moustache and a ruddy complexion, Thomas Kenneth Burrows shares with two other engineers, Percy Silverlock, at Ealing Common depot, and John Bayley, the Ruislip depot engineer, the job of keeping the London Transport lines clear. It is a unique responsibility: no other railway in the world operates a comparable service in such a vast network of tunnels.

Nearly five hundred trains, totalling 3,397 cars, travel the 248 miles of passenger routes in a busy day. At peak periods, some services run at ninety-second intervals. The tube trains reach speeds of thirty-five miles an hour; some of the officially styled "surface trains," which nevertheless work below street level in Central London, touch forty and even sixty miles an hour on certain sections.

The speeds and closeness of the trains and the physical limitations of the tunnels make it impossible for the traffic controller to use single-line working or to divert trains in an emergency. A defective train disrupts a service completely for as long as it blocks the line. In the breakdown organization, therefore, speed in clearing the track governs everything.

At 6.56 p.m. on April 8, 1953, two Central Line tube trains crashed in a tunnel near Stratford station, East London. The wreckage short-circuited the rails and automatically cut out the 600-volt current. The driver in the forward train, following the emergency procedure, clipped his portable telephone to the two bare telephone wires in the tunnel and told the sub-station engineer that something had gone wrong. "Don't switch on again until I ask for power," he said.

Within minutes, the traffic controller at Leicester Square called the watchman at the Neasden report centre and he in turn called out the nearest breakdown gang, at Hainault. The gang arrived at seven thirty-five. Meanwhile, hundreds of passengers began to file through the tunnel to Leyton and Stratford stations.

The breakdown service had a major disaster on its hands. A tube tunnel, just four yards in diameter, clears the roof of a car by seven inches: here, two cars had telescoped together and jammed tight against the tunnel walls.

The duty engineer, Bayley, called out the gangs at Neasden and Ealing Common, along with Burrows and Percy Silverlock. They worked non-stop all through the night and the

As the breakdown gang carries its equipment into a tunnel, Burrows and an assistant breakdown engineer, Joseph Monk (left), survey the damage

One of the breakdown crews can get to any spot on the London Transport network within forty minutes of a call

Burrows (with his back to camera) and his repair gang putting a car back on the lines. In a tunnel, there is only seven inches clearance for jacking up a derailed carriage

next day, helping to bring out the dead and injured, cutting, jacking and hauling away the mangled cars.

For the rest of the Central Line, the traffic controller followed the routine breakdown practice of reversing the service at the nearest convenient stations on each side of the accident. London Transport buses linked these stations with an emergency service. Thirty-four hours after the accident, which killed twelve people, the line resumed normal running. The accident ended a remarkable safety record: never before had the tube trains killed a passenger.

The breakdown service has three gangs at each of its three depots working on a three-shift roster to cover the twenty-four hours. Burrows, with his two colleagues and their assistant breakdown engineers, works a weekly shift. Every third week he goes on continuous call. During the working day he carries on simultaneously his routine job as depot engineer at Neasden. For all other times during the shift he has to provide the report centre with an accurate track of his movements.

On an August Friday, twenty-four hours before Burrows planned to leave for his annual holiday, a motorman drove a train into the High Barnet sidings and backed the end car through the buffers and over a steep bank alongside the Great North Road.

Burrows arrived forty minutes later, at 8 a.m., to find the twenty-ton car hanging from the rest of the train by a coupling. Fifteen feet away heavy traffic passed by.

At midnight, mobile power winches heaved the car upright. Just after two on the Saturday afternoon, the first day of his holiday, Burrows, who takes pride in setting the wheels back on the lines, had the mortification of seeing the car carried away from the steep bank by lorry. Then he went on holiday.

From the three breakdown centres, gangs can reach any part of the London Transport network within forty minutes. Each gang uses two lorries, one of which, from the moment of departure, keeps a short-wave radio link with London Transport headquarters. Both are packed with portable equipment: jacks, hardwood blocks and scotches, steel plates, rerailing slippers, hauling and pushing devices, floodlights and handlamps, welding and cutting plant, broxen-axle clamps, patches for wheels, emergency rations, first aid equipment and stretchers.

Since most of the breakdowns involve cars which have left the lines, the repair work follows a basic pattern. Burrows and his men raise a derailed car with the jacks. Under the wheels, they lay the hardwood blocks and scotches, and across the top of this packing, as they call it, they set down the steel plates.

Now they lower the car on to these plates, then push, pull or, on the rerailing slippers, roll it to the point immediately above the lines. Here they jack the car off the plates or slippers, remove them and the packing and lower the car on to the lines.

The gangs get an average of three calls a week. In one weekly shift, Burrows had thirteen calls; in others he has had none. He has found that most breakdowns arise through human frailty. On the other hand, the few accidents caused by mechanical failure give him the most trouble.

At special public events such as the Cup Final, which require extra trains, Burrows likes to be on the busiest spot, just in case. On the last night of Billy Graham's 1954 crusade, he accordingly went to Wembley Park station. At nine thirty-nine, a breakdown call came, but not from the Wembley area. At Farringdon Street, on the other side of London, a lorry laden with pig meal had crashed through a parapet and dropped on to the London Transport lines. A train had split the lorry in half. Its three occupants were dead.

The gang reached Farringdon Street at ten twenty, just after Burrows. The wreckage blocked the path of the night goods trains on a line which runs parallel; they had to clear the line quickly. Without immediate means for carrying the broken lorry away, Burrows decided to haul the pieces and the sacks of pig meal to the side of the track and to chain them up to the wall. The goods trains got through.

Though the breakdown gangs work long and erratic hours, the job has attractions. Every time the men answer the siren and turn out their lorries within three minutes, they get a bonus of 4s. At breakdowns, they receive an extra quarter-hour's pay for every hour they work; this is apart from the normal overtime and night work rates. Promotion is self-contained within the gangs to keep them as regular teams.

From an electrical apprenticeship which began with London Transport in 1925, Kenneth Burrows took twenty-two years to reach his present position. He went through every branch of the chief mechanical engineer's department and took an electrical engineering degree in 1939. In February, 1947, he became assistant depot engineer at Neasden. Only six months later he took control.

The breakdown gangs failed to get this car back on the rails. Power winches heaved it upright and it was carted away—by lorry

For the wives of the breakdown men, the job tends to be trying.

Three years ago, on a Sunday afternoon, Burrows took his wife and mother to visit his son in hospital at Harrow. A nurse fetched Burrows from the bedside to the telephone.

"A car with two wheels off the track at Ongar," he mused, on the way back to the ward. "Beautiful Sunday afternoon. Pleasant run through Epping Forest. The Hainault gang will probably have the job done when I get there. I'll take my wife and my mother."

He did. Unhappily, a whole car, not two wheels, had jumped off the track. Worse still, the track lay between two main lines, and every few minutes Burrows and his men had to dodge out of the way of passing trains. For hour after hour the two women walked around, sat in the car and walked around again. The brief repair that they had heard about took till ten thirty.

"But they said two wheels," Burrows pleaded on the way home. "They said only two wheels. How was I to know?"

He knows better now. THE END

Henri Larne was a great painter with a strange secret. He rode to success on a flying ass. But it was a donkey with . . .

The Wings of Death

by CHRISTOPHER BUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was a morning of late November when Frank Lobell, the picture-dealer, rang me. He's a friend of long standing. I don't like to impose on his generosity, but occasionally I accompany him to Christie's or Sotheby's when a big picture sale is on. It's a good way to learn about fashion trends and values, not that I'm anything more than an amateur. I can rarely afford to buy except when Frank tips me off to a bargain. But that morning he was tipping me off about something very different.

"A Frenchman has just left here," he said. "A Monsieur Jules Perlot. I gathered he was writing a new appreciation of Maurice Moulin. He was also interested, by the way, in Henri Larne. I hadn't a Moulin to show him—who has these days?—but I mentioned your name. He'll probably be ringing you about coming to see that one of yours. I hope you don't mind."

"Not a bit," I said. "One's always glad to show one's perspicuity. Is he also a buyer?"

"Don't think so, Ludo. You're not wanting to sell, are you?"

"Don't have hopes," I said. "That Moulin is one of the insurances against my decrepitude."

He chuckled. "Ah well, there's nothing like trying. But tell me what you make of him, will you? I'll be interested."

Within a quarter of an hour Perlot himself was ringing and soon after that he arrived. His English was far from good so we talked in a mixture of two languages which I shall make no attempt to reproduce. He was a man in the early sixties and the imperial he wore made him the very spirit of Louis Napoleon. It was clear from the very first that he was uncommonly knowledgeable.

My Moulin was of average size, not dated but signed as usual with an M in the bottom right-hand corner. The subject was simple, like everything that I had seen of Moulin's work—just an old man reading a newspaper, a bottle of wine and a half-filled glass on the table at his side. Perlot asked when I'd acquired it, and I said it was years ago when Moulin was unknown. I'd liked it and had bought it for almost a song.

"A fine example of his early work," he said, and drew back for another look. Then he took a glass from his pocket and examined the brush-work. I asked him what he was smiling at.

"Because it is a pleasure to see an unknown Moulin," he told me. "And so early a one. Later, as you know, he concentrated more on the still life in his pictures."

With thumb and forefinger, he indicated this passage and that and what Moulin would have made of it in his later years: the figure more withdrawn, the bottle and glass more in the foreground and various changes of light. He gave me almost a perky look as he explained that it was the kind of thing that Henri Larne, for instance, was painting at the moment.

"You are interested also in Larne?" I asked him.

"But certainly! Larne is in some ways merely a continuation of Moulin. It is necessary to be aware of Larne when writing a critical appreciation of Moulin. That is why one has also to be a detective."

I must have looked rather startled, because he smiled.

"Not a detective of the police. But one has to probe. To try to unearth facts."

"Don't think me rude," I said, "but aren't the facts all known about Moulin? Haven't there been other biographies?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "There are always new facts if one looks for them." He gave himself an appreciative nod. "One digs and one discovers. This morning, for instance, I discover a Moulin. Tomorrow, who knows? But this picture, m'sieur. At what do you value it?"

"You're the expert," I said. "What's your valuation?"

He said a thousand pounds or possibly more. When I said I didn't wish to sell, he seemed to think me unwise. Moulin's prices were falling.

He asked if I had a photograph of the picture and said that if I'd have one taken he'd pay all expenses. He was returning home the next day but he gave me a warm invitation to call on him when next I happened to be there. He gave me his card—Jules Perlot, 3 rue Colignot, St. Sulpice. I knew St. Sulpice; it was a village on the Seine near Paris.

I was accompanying him to the lift when he suddenly asked another question.

"How foolish of me not to have asked before! It is possible that you also own a Larne?"

"No," I said. "I didn't have the luck or foresight to pick up a Larne before he also was known. And I know very little about him. I *have* seen the example in the Tate Gallery. You know it, of course."

Larne waved the girl to the other end of the

"Oh, yes!" he said, and I couldn't help thinking there was something ironic about his smile.

I'd nothing particular to do that cold afternoon, so I went to the Tate and had another look at the Larne. Then I dropped in on Frank Lobell. I told him where I'd been, and why. I added that it was amazing how quickly one could become aware of one's ignorance. I, for instance, knew practically nothing of Henri Larne. I'd been able to contribute nothing when Perlot had begun a comparison between Larne and Moulin. Frank had to laugh.

"It's all very simple," he said. "Henri Larne is the nephew of Maurice Moulin. Larne learned a lot from him before Moulin began drinking himself to death. You might say that Larne is

room. She was not the model he had expected, but she would do for the work he had in mind

now the very painter that his uncle might have been if the drink hadn't killed him. Moulin had quite a lot of the Gauguin in him, if I may put it that way."

"How long's he been dead?"

"Four years—maybe five. In some hovel in Algiers."

"And that signature of Larne's—the Whistler's butterfly sort of thing he signs his pictures with. Looks like a donkey with wings. It isn't a cynical imitation of Whistler?"

"Oh, no," he said. "It's a pun of his own name. Larne and *l'âne*—the French for donkey, as you know. Larne's father was Irish and his mother French, not that that's anything much to do with it."

"Yes, but why has the donkey got wings?"

"Ah!" he said. "That's the cynical part of it. Larne's said to have given the answer himself. You see he was like his uncle, absolutely unknown for a very long time. It was the dealers who finally took him up, not the critics. The critics called him an ass, in so many words. 'Perhaps I was an ass,' Larne is supposed to have said. 'Perhaps I am still an ass, but a different sort of ass—an ass with wings!'"

I pondered over this, and after a moment Frank said, "Larne's extraordinarily mature for a man of about forty. You might call him a much better Moulin. If you'd ever like to call on him when you're in France I can always get you an introduction, or give you one."

Only a fortnight later I took him up on that. Business connected with the Broad Street Detective Agency was taking me to Paris, and as Norris, my manager, has no French, I was making the trip myself. In connection with the same business I was meeting an old friend, Lucien Gallois of the Sûreté. After our business was concluded we had dinner together at my hotel, and it turned out that he knew quite a lot about Henri Larne. I'd thought of the artist as a kind of ascetic: a man with a whole life dedicated to his art.

"Ah, no," Gallois said. "Painters no longer die in garrets, my friend. This Larne must make enormous sums, but he also spends. One sees him at fashionable restaurants, at receptions, at the races. He is a figure of importance." He shrugged his broad shoulders. "And why not? He is a bachelor. If he needs money he has only to paint another picture."

Before we parted he was wondering if there was a chance of his accompanying me on the visit I was paying to Larne's studio the following afternoon. I said I'd be delighted to take him, and then he smiled somewhat wryly. People looked askance at inspectors of police. And what could one like himself be expected to know about art?

"You come with me," I said. "I'll explain that you're a friend who's interested in an amateur way. You'd better get hold of a book on him, and read it. We'll think up some business from which you're supposed to have retired, and you might hint that you're thinking of becoming a collector in a small way."

So that was why he went with me to Larne's house the next afternoon. The appointment was for half past four—Larne had apologized over the telephone for not being able to spare me more than half an hour. The house and studio were very near St. Sulpice, and that was highly convenient for me since I'd arranged to see Jules Perlot at six o'clock and to give him the photograph of my Moulin.

To go from St. Sulpice to Larne's studio at Melun, you go due west for half a kilometre, which brings you to the Seine. Then you turn sharp right and follow the river. Larne's house was another half-kilometre along the bank.

It was a three-storied building, somewhat apart and in moderately sized grounds that sloped down to the river. The large studio, glass-roofed to catch the full north light, was built on. A rather morose manservant admitted us, and we were glad to be inside, for out of doors that day it was damp and bitterly cold. A minute or two and we were taken through to the studio.

Larne welcomed us with charming courtesy. He merely glanced at Frank Lobell's letter of introduction, and was smiling as if at a happy memory. He was as handsome a man as I'd seen for many a day, and his English was as good as my own, though with a trace of the Irish accent of his father. He offered us whisky, and presently everything was comfortable and friendly, even if the studio itself was just a bit too warm.

One had to begin somewhere with talking about art, so I told Larne about Jules Perlot and the critical study he was writing about Maurice Moulin. Larne looked surprised.

"I wonder why he hasn't approached me? It seems very unusual. Or is he only just beginning this study of his?"

I could only shrug my shoulders and tell him the very little that I knew, realizing that I'd dropped a brick. I was floundering a bit when Gallois came to the rescue.

"Is it too late for myself to become a collector, M. Larne? Is it possible, for instance, to find early pictures of your own that would not be too dear?"

"I'm afraid not," Larne said. "The critics were annoying me and I was foolish enough to make a gesture. I destroyed every picture I'd made." He smiled deprecatingly. "I don't think it was a great loss to posterity but I do know it gave me a determination. From that

Continued on page 53

Low Knap is the cat's whiskers

by KEITH ELLIS

At his stately home for cats, Reginald Francis takes only aristocratic Siamese. And they get the best of everything

Francis abandoned a successful medical practice so that he and his wife could start a new life in the country. Their boarding home is set among rose gardens and lavender borders

Guests can sharpen their claws on the tree boughs outside each chalet. Each cat has a private run

ONE Friday in 1951, four wriggling, mewing kittens with the chocolate-coloured ears and piercing blue eyes of pure-bred Siamese arrived at Low Knap, Britain's most exclusive boarding home for cats. Their owner told the proprietor, Dr. Reginald Francis: "They've just had their first injection against gastro-enteritis. If I leave you the serum, will you give them the second?" Francis did so but there was insufficient serum and the fourth, Katie, had only a small dose.

Within days, the first three kittens died of gastro-enteritis, a highly infectious disease which can sweep through a boarding kennel killing every single cat. "It's probable that the vaccine, imported from abroad, was unsound," says Francis. "Only Katie survived."

To prevent the infection spreading, Francis put on overboots and a long gown whenever he entered Katie's quarters. When he left, he went straight to the house to wash, taking care not to touch the door-handle as he went in. He changed his clothes before joining his wife.

Three weeks later, when no new cases had developed, he blow-lamped the infected quarters until the wood smoked. He blow-lamped the paving and wire-netting of the infected run. He covered the floors with three inches of disinfectant. He burned or boiled anything that had a remote connection with the kittens. Finally he shut up the infected quarters.

Six months later, he stripped them, replaced the asbestos fittings, blow-lamped and creosoted the woodwork and put in new floors. "Only then," he says, "could I regard them as safe."

Francis, the only man in Britain to make a living exclusively out of cats, has always taken the strictest precautions against disease and makes ruthless checks before accepting cats.

Even then, Francis sometimes notices that cats are sick when they arrive. Once, a woman going on holiday arrived with two cats at 10 a.m. Both had their eyes almost covered with "haws "or inner eyelids. As this may be a sign of disease, Francis refused to take them.

Mrs. Kathleen Williams, secretary of the Siamese Cat Club, says: "He makes it so difficult to get cats into his kennels, I wonder anyone bothers to send them." Francis stands on his record. He has had no other cases of gastro-enteritis or any other disease. "We never take a known risk," he says. "We'd rather lose a customer than a cat."

A short, slim perfectionist with a ruddy complexion and thinning brown hair, Francis abandoned a medical practice which brought in £1,500 a year before the war so that he and his wife could pursue happiness in the country. His wiriness and youthful outlook make him seem ten years younger than his real age of fifty. His wife is a slim, attractive woman of forty-six with greying dark hair cut fashionably short.

Last year, they boarded a record number of 530 cats and often worked from six in the morning until eight at night, mostly at tasks like cutting up cat food and scrubbing sanitary trays. They refuse to employ labour because of a fear that standards would fall. Last year, they made between them an average profit of about £14 a week.

Low Knap consists of about two acres of ground just outside the village of Halstock, six miles from Yeovil, Somerset. Its twelve chalets and three boarding houses are set among rose gardens and lavender borders.

The cats that the Francises board have names like Claude, Oodles, Hepsibar and Baby Love, and belong to retired generals and district nurses, lady novelists and greengrocers, artists and tea-shop proprietors.

"We take only Siamese," says Francis. "We like *all* cats but it was part of our perfectionist outlook to make Low Knap different from other boarding homes." The only exceptions are "ordinary" cats accompanied by Siamese from the same household and three "ordinary" cats, first admitted when the home was started, who have been made "life members." Francis admits that his policy of exclusion is also good for business.

Some owners visit their cats. Others content themselves with ringing up. One Scotswoman who was holidaying in the Outer Hebrides asked Francis to send a daily report on her cat by overnight telegram. "We found it a bit of a strain to devise new wording every day," says Mrs. Francis. "Fortunately, she asked us to stop it at the end of a week."

The chalets, which can board up to three cats each, are seven feet by five feet and seven feet high. Each has a wired porch with an outer doorway, electric light and two windows with cushioned seats. Separate brushes and shovels prevent cross-infection. Each cat has a raised wooden bunk containing sterile wood-wool and, overhead, a special darkened infra-red heating lamp. It also has its own sanitary tray and feeding-bowl.

At all times, a cat living in a chalet has access to its own paved run which contains seats for

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Before they are shut up for the night, cats get a cuddle and a chat from Francis. He prides himself on the individual attention at Low Knap. But there's no pampering

sunning and a tree bough for climbing and sharpening its claws. "The sense of restriction is thus reduced to a minimum," says the prospectus. "He can see and talk to cats in adjacent chalets but is not at any point in direct contact with them."

Francis prides himself on the individual attention given to each cat. He grooms and cuddles them each morning and gives them a further cuddle and chat before shutting them up for the night.

Most days he leaves the doors open to give the cats plenty of fresh air. "We don't believe in pampering them," he says.

Francis's individual treatment extends even to the food, which consists of coley fillets and cow beef quarters cooked by Mrs. Francis. Francis himself weighs out each cat's ration. It averages eight ounces a day of meat and fish. For breakfast, he mixes stewed meat and boiled fish; and for dinner, raw meat and stewed meat according to the liking of the individual cat. "I notice whether they leave any," he says, "or reject bits of fat or raw meat. Then I adjust their diets accordingly."

Each owner is asked to fill up a diet sheet and in case he has difficulty in getting the cat to eat, Francis asks: "Is there any food of which it is particularly fond?" Hopeful answers have included "ice cream," "Dee salmon," "sponge cake," "cheese" and "marron glacé."

Besides boarding cats, the Francises offer stud, maternity and kindergarten services. They will see a queen through her confinement and, when the kittens are born, send the owner a hand-drawn card depicting a stork with a bundle of kittens hanging from its beak. In the nursery, they install a special low bed which the kittens can easily enter and leave.

Educated at Rugby, Cambridge and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Francis practised as a doctor for ten years in Arnold, a suburb of Nottingham, before joining the R.A.F. As the medical officer of a bomber squadron, he served in Britain, North Africa and Italy. He and his wife were both keen gardeners and had resolved to retire to the country while they were young enough to enjoy it.

Francis decided to give up medicine and risk his savings as a smallholder. Until they could get a house built, he and his wife lived in a summer house which they had erected on their land. "A rumour went round Halstock that we were starting a nudist camp," says Francis.

Unable to get rations for poultry and pigs, they bred pelting rabbits which they fed on home-grown kale and mangolds. Next, they tried Chinese geese. Later, when feeding stuffs

When a cat goes home, Francis blow-lamps the walls of its chalet. Used bedding is burned

were freed from restrictions, the Francises discarded the rabbits and raised poultry and pigs. When they had increased their flock of chickens to four hundred, the price of eggs went down and Francis calculated that they would have to keep four thousand birds to make them pay. They had insufficient capital and discarded the poultry. Meanwhile, the house had been built and, to tide them over, they took in paying guests.

A paying guest who had brought his cat with him was impressed with the sympathetic way in which they handled it and suggested that they turn one of the rabbit houses into a boarding kennel for cats.

Gradually, the Francises put their whole effort into cats. Often, they were desperately hard up. "But however hard-pressed we were," says Francis, "we never took it out of the cats by cutting down either their food or the time we devoted to them."

For the chalets, the Francises charge 7s. a day for one cat, 9s. for two and 10s. 6d. for three. These rates are reduced by a shilling after twenty-eight days. The double rooms cost 7s.; the single rooms 4s. 6d. They charge a full day's board for the days of arrival and departure and a fee of 5s. each way for collecting cats from Yeovil station. The minimum charge for short stays is 25s. for one cat and 30s. for two.

Although he admits that these fees are higher than those charged by other kennels, Francis claims that he gives good value.

Francis and his wife live modestly in two rooms, the rest of the house being taken up by an office and a cats' larder. Their furniture is simple and traditional and they have not been to the pictures or taken a holiday since the war. "Our greatest treat," says Mrs. Francis, "is to lie in bed, listening to the wireless or reading."

To deter people from abandoning their cats, Francis asks for a month's fees in advance for long stays. "There's a point of no return," he says. "After an owner has paid more than five pounds, he's unlikely to abandon his cat."

The system failed only once. When a young queen overstayed her pre-paid board, Francis rang up her owner, the proprietress of a tea-shop. "There was no reply," he says. "I rang several more times—unsuccessfully. Finally, the Post Office told me that they had disconnected her phone. I knew then that we'd had it."

They adopted the queen. She now pays for her keep by producing three litters a year. The Francises charge around six guineas each for her kittens. THE END

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THE LONG WALK · 2

A terrified girl throws us into panic

by SLAVOMIR RAWICZ

Someone was spying on us as we trekked through the bitter Siberian snow. Desperately, Makowski gave the order: we must kill to keep our secret

We swung our bags off our bunks by the rawhide straps and gathered together in the dark. The hut was silent save for the few snores coming from the motionless figures on the bunks around us. I felt my heart pound as I whispered, "Everybody well?" From all round me came the hushed answer, "Yes." "Anyone changed his mind?" There was no reply. Said Makowski, "Let's go."

It was just after midnight on April 11, 1941. I and six fellow conspirators were about to break out of Camp 303, a slave-labour prison in Central Siberia. Once clear of the camp we planned to walk south—and keep on walking south—out of Siberia into Mongolia, into Tibet, and on until we reached safety in India or Afghanistan. We had no maps or compass; our equipment consisted of an axe, a knife, a primitive flint device to light a fire, a mug to hold water and a small store of food. Ours was a pitifully simple plan—and fantastically dangerous. But I and my six friends were desperate men.

Twenty-five years' forced labour in Siberia was the sentence the Russians gave me after I was arrested for "spying" at Pinsk, my home town. That was two years before, in 1939, when the Russians invaded Poland. Twenty-five years for a crime I had not committed. When it was over I would be fifty, a broken, prematurely old man. My colleagues, too, had similar sentences. Escape was really the only alternative to the inhuman bondage that faced us, and foolhardy or not we were ready to go. More than ready.

I dropped my bag near the door and stepped outside. The camp was silent. It was snowing as heavily as ever. I could not see the nearest wire. In the south-east machine-gun tower, our nearest danger, the guards could not have seen fifty yards. We could be thankful that the camp had no electricity and therefore no searchlights to menace us.

The inner wire was not far from the hut door. The frost-stiffened coils did not follow the contours of the ground, and there was a dip in the ground straight ahead of us which we reckoned would provide a couple of feet of clearance if we burrowed through the snow and under the wire.

We went out one by one at about a minute's interval. Zaro, the joker of the party, went first and I prayed that he found the right spot at the first attempt. Then went the Lithuanian, Marchinkovas, followed by the man we knew as "Mister Smith"—an American engineer who had gone to Russia to help to build the Metro and, like myself, had later been falsely charged with spying. Then followed my fellow Polish soldiers, Makowski and Paluchowicz; and then Kolemenos, a blond giant of a man who, as he went, turned round to me and whispered, "I hope they've

Kolemenos struggled to free himself from the barbs, and ice tinkled along the wire. "Lie still, Anastazi," I hissed. "Don't move at all"

made a damn great hole for me to get through."

I watched him run off into the night like the others, carrying his bag in front of him, ready to shove it through the gap. Then it was my turn, and the palms of my hands were moist with sweat. I took a last swift look round. The men in the hut were sleeping on. I turned and bolted.

When I reached the wire Smith was under it and slowly wriggling forward. Two were through. The rest of us crouched down and waited. Agonizing minutes passed as first Sergeant Paluchowicz and then Makowski squirmed and grunted, bellies flat pressed against the earth, under the wire. The big bulk of Kolemenos went head first into the gap, and I held my breath. He was half-way through when the barbs took hold of his jacket between the shoulder-blades. He shook himself gently and little pieces of ice tinkled musically down the coils of the wire.

"Lie still, Anastazi," I hissed. "Don't move at all." Someone on the other side had pulled his bag through, and I struggled to release the barbs. The minutes ticked by. Kolemenos lay very still as my hand worked over between his shoulders. Someone spoke on the other side and Kolemenos went forward again. I let my breath out in a long sigh and followed him through. The first obstacle was behind us. It had taken a full twenty minutes.

We knelt down along the edge of the dry moat and looked across to the loom of the first tall wooden fence as Kolemenos slithered in and braced himself against the steep-sloping near side. We used him as a human stepping stone, and as we clambered over him he took our feet in his linked and cupped hands, and heaved us on to the ledge at the base of the twelve-foot log palisade. More vital minutes were lost in pulling Kolemenos out of the ditch. By standing on his shoulders and reaching out at full stretch, we were able to haul ourselves over the top. Then, standing on a lateral securing timber on the other side, we leaned over to help up the later arrivals.

ANCHOR-MAN Kolemenos again posed us a problem. Straddling the top of the fence, our legs held firm, Makowski and I leaned head downwards with arms outstretched to haul at him, one arm each.

Three times we got his fingers to within inches of the top and three times we had to lower him down again. We paused, trembling with exertion and near-despair, and tried again. His fingers scrabbled for a hold on the top, then gripped. He came up, up and over.

To beat the coiled wire at the foot of the fence we threw ourselves outward, landing in a heap in the deep snow. One or two failed to leap quite clear and were scratched as they pulled themselves away.

We were in the patrol alley now between the two fences and time was running out. If I had heard the sound of the guard dogs announcing the start of a patrol, I think I might have been physically sick.

We ran the few yards to the outer fence and this time shoved Kolemenos up first. We were probably making little noise, but it seemed to me that the commotion was deafening. This time I was last up, and it was Kolemenos who swung me up and over. In a final mad scramble we leaped and tumbled over the last barbed wire at the foot of the outer fence, picked ourselves up, breathlessly inquired if everyone was all right, and started to run. Round my waist was tied an old sheepskin jacket which I hoped would put any dogs off the scent. I tugged it free, dropped it and heard it slithering along behind me attached to the thong looped on my wrist.

We gasped and choked and wheezed, but we ran and kept running, south into the great forest among the looming, white-clothed trees. One and then another stumbled, fell and were helped to their feet. The first headlong rush slowed to a steady, racking lope. We jogged along for hours, into the dawn and beyond it to another snow-filled day, our packs bumping and pounding our backs as we went. When we stopped to draw air into labouring lungs I made them start again. And I made them struggle on until about 11 a.m. when hardly one of us could have moved another pace. We looked round at each other. Paluchowicz was bent double with his hands on his knees, his shoulders heaving, fighting for breath. Two others squatted in the snow. All of us were open-mouthed with wagging tongues like spent animals.

This place was a shallow, bowl-like depression where the trees grew more widely spaced. We had stumbled down into it, too breathless to speak and in a lather of sweat in spite of the sub-zero temperature. Like hunted animals we were straining our ears for sounds of the chase. In all our minds was the thought of the dogs. But there was only the wind, the falling snow and the stirring trees.

UP the slope to our left the trees grew more closely together. "We will get up there," I said finally. "There is more shelter and we shall be better hidden."

There were groans of protest. Smith joined in, "Rawicz is right." So we laboured our way out of the hollow and chose the broad base of a great tree as our shelter.

We scooped the snow away down to the tree roots and cleared a space a couple of yards square. We built up the snow around into a solid low wall. Kolemenos cut branches with his axe and we laid them on top in a close mesh, piling on more snow to complete the roof. It was a lesson we had learned on the cruel march to our Siberian prison camp: get out of the wind, because the wind is the killer. Then, an old Ostyak nomad had told me, "Snow? Who worries about snow? Wrap it around you and you'll sleep as you would in a feather bed."

Here we had our first real look at our supplies. Each man had a flat baked loaf, a little flour, about 5 lb. of pearl barley, some salt, four or five ounces of *korizhki* tobacco and some old newspaper. All this and the dried bread I had managed to save. On top of each pack were the spare moccasins we had made and the left-over pieces of skin. We crawled into the little snow-house, all jammed closely together, and talked in low voices. There was a discussion on whether we should smoke. We decided that the risk was slight and the benefit to jangling nerves great. So we smoked and lay in the warm blue fug of burning tobacco.

There was no question of lighting a fire, so we wolfed some bread. And in so doing we made a discovery about Sergeant-of-Cavalry Paluchowicz. He had not a tooth in his head. Eating this hard bread was agony to him. The only way he could cope with it was by painstakingly kneading it with snow.

"I had a nice set of dentures when they took me prisoner near Bialystok," he explained. "Then the secret police knocked them out of my

From the camp it was a year's trek to freedom. The men had no maps and made no notes. The exact route, says Rawicz, can never be known

Gently, Kolemenos took the girl in his arms. We looked on, puzzled, and waited for her to dry her tears

mouth and they smashed on the floor. It was no joke trying to get my gums round that prison bread, I can tell you. First thing I do when we get to where we are going will be to treat myself to another set of teeth."

"And have them gold-plated. You'll deserve them." This from Zaro. We laughed, and Paluchowicz joined in, too.

We slept through the remaining few hours of daylight, only one man staying awake at a time to keep a listening guard near the small opening. The Lithuanian Marchinkovas roused us as the light outside began to fade. We ate some more bread, smoked one cigarette each and crawled out. The snowfall had diminished to light flurries and the wind was getting up. It was very cold and we were stiff and sore.

All seven of us were under a compulsion and urgency to get clear out of the camp area as soon as possible. All through that second night we alternately ran and walked. It never seemed to be completely dark, but the going was difficult through two and three feet of crisp snow, the undulations of the ground masked by close-growing trees. Near morning we crossed a frozen stream and camped in the continuing forest.

For the first four or five days we stuck to this night movement and daylight holing up. There was no sign of pursuit. Hopefully we decided that, our tracks having been well covered by the first night's snow, the hunt had probably been organized eastward as being the shortest and most feasible escape route. Cautiously we congratulated ourselves on choosing a flight south. We started to travel by daylight, and averaged up to thirty miles a day. Watching the occasional watery sun and by reading the sign of the moss growing on the sheltered side of the trees, we held to an approximate course south. We negotiated several more ice-bound streams, and I judged they were all flowing southwards to drain into the great River Lena.

After about a week's travel we began to sort ourselves out. The two regular soldiers, Makowski and Paluchowicz, kept close together. Marchinkovas, reserved and serious, but with an occasional unexpected dry wit, was befriended by Kolemenos. Smith, now completely accepted as a kind of elder counsellor of the party, was my own particular companion.

The buoyant, fun-loving Zaro was impartially friendly with everyone and moved happily from group to group. A rare fellow, this Zaro. I saw him, at the end of a gruelling day when we had to flog our aching muscles for the energy to build the night's hide-out, mocking at his own and our weariness by squatting down in the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIPHANT

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Dining with Toscanini was a fabulous experience—when he was talkative. In a restaurant in prewar Fascist Milan, he ranted about "that porco" Mussolini. People nearby feigned deafness

The Maestro waves goodbye as he leaves for a concert tour. His daughters are with him

Toscanini ·2 **by SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF**

"I am old . . . it is time to die," said the Maestro as we parted. Then out of the blue I was told . . .

'Go to Milan and get him'

On the summer of 1932, Toscanini was invited by Siegfried Wagner, son of the great Richard, to conduct *Tannhäuser* and *Parsifal* at the Bayreuth Festival in Bavaria. This was a revolutionary step. No Italian conductor had ever been remotely considered for the sacred German festival; but Toscanini's fame and drawing power had penetrated even there.

He was asked to name a fee, but refused, saying that he considered the honour of conducting at Bayreuth sufficient payment. I was planning to be in Europe that summer and naturally was eager to go to Bayreuth. The Maestro asked me to call on him there.

On the afternoon of the performance of *Tannhäuser*, I joined the German and foreign worshippers who walked the mile or so from the town to the Festspielhaus, an unprepossessing wooden theatre perched on the top of a hill. From its roof, trumpeters blared out a warning to the faithful that the day's opera was about to begin.

Once the lights went out and the overture sounded from a completely hidden orchestra pit, the magic of Toscanini filled the theatre. I was treated to a performance of *Tannhäuser* so beautiful and alive that it dwarfed any other presentation that I had ever seen.

In the interval, I made my way back stage but was stopped by a uniformed official who put me at the end of a long line of people waiting to see the Maestro. Directly in front of me stood an enormous man in a long green robe, and a distinguished-looking middle-aged woman.

The official came around with pad and pencil to take our names. To my surprise, the large man said, "Ferdinand—of Bulgaria," and the middle-aged lady, "Princess Margherita" (a relative of Victor Emanuel, then King of Italy). The official disappeared and after a few minutes returned. "The Maestro," he announced in a loud voice, "will see Mr. Chotzinoff and Mr. Lodi." Mr. Lodi, a drab little Italian, and I stepped out of line and were conducted to the Maestro's dressing-room.

There sat the Maestro, nude from the waist up, his face contorted with pain. He was subject to attacks of bursitis and this one looked unusually severe. An X-ray lamp was focused on his right shoulder. "*Povero* Toscanini!" the Maestro said, trying to smile. "The shoulder is terrible. When I conduct I forget a little. But this moment the pain is terrible. Terrible!"

Nevertheless, he greeted me and Signor Lodi warmly, especially Lodi. The Italian beamed and bent down to kiss the Maestro's hand. "Lodi was *cameriere* (waiter) in the Milano hotel where Verdi died," the Maestro explained. "A fine *cameriere*, and a good man. . . . *Caro* Lodi. . . . I thank you for coming to see an old friend." The two conversed in Italian for a few minutes, and the radiant Lodi left.

The Maestro then asked me for news of America, and we talked until the interval was about over and I said goodbye. It occurred to me that perhaps the Maestro had not been told about the king and princess. "Did they tell you, Maestro," I asked as I was leaving, "that the King of Bulgaria and the Princess. . . ." The Maestro cut me short with a disdainful wave of his arms.

"Yes, yes," he shouted, "they told me. But what have I to do with kings and princesses? They have no-*thing* to say to me. I have no-*thing* to say to them. No! I am not happy to see them. I am only happy to see my friends."

That winter Toscanini, in an expansive mood, invited my wife and me to visit him the following June at the *Isolino*, the little Borromeo island on the lake of Maggiore he had rented. We drove to Pallanza, the town adjacent to the island. It had begun to rain, and by the time we reached Pallanza the rain had become a downpour. We got into a small covered launch and made for the island.

It was a beautiful island, full of rare trees and shrubs and exotic flowers. To us it seemed an enchanted isle, the ultimate setting for its magical deity. I went to bed that night in a state of unreality and I could barely close my eyes. Early in the morning, quicksilver fragments of light seeped through the chinks in the shutters. I got out of bed, threw them open and flooded the room with blinding sunlight. The lake below was a motionless expanse pinpricked by millions of sunbeams. I put on a dressing-gown and went downstairs, stepping softly so as not to be heard.

Passing near the kitchen, I heard the Maestro's voice. I went in. The Maestro, in blue silk pyjamas, was talking to the cook. I greeted him and asked him why he was up so early. "I came," he said cheerfully, "to order for you an American breakfast—ham and eggs." We then went into the living-room, where he unbolted and threw open all the shutters, arranged chairs and pottered around busily, like a practical householder doing the morning chores. We had our breakfast on the terrace, I, my ham and eggs, he, a cup of soup and bread. He was the soul of solicitude, much concerned that the ham should be to my taste (which it wasn't, though I said it was perfect) and the eggs properly cooked.

Our week on the island had a fairy-tale quality and it ended too soon. We then motored

Toscanini and his granddaughter at the Maestro's island villa on Lake Maggiore

to Venice in the Toscanini Cadillac, driven by Emilio, the Maestro's massive Swiss chauffeur and bodyguard. The drive was a mixed pleasure for my wife and me. The Maestro had—and still has—a mania for speed, and regarded a seventy-mile-an-hour clip as a leisurely pace. Our expressions of alarm only delighted him. "But we are going *adagio*," he would say disingenuously. "Emilio, a little faster!" And Emilio, who enjoyed his master's pranks, would accelerate the speed of the car to its limit. The unceasing sound of the horn scattered cyclists to the right and left like astonished and resentful chickens.

The Maestro spent only one night in Venice. Early the next morning, he flew alone to Salzburg, where he was to conduct several operas at the festival. He carried a case containing his immediate needs, and his wife tied some money in his handkerchief in case of emergency. He departed happily, for he loves travelling, particularly in aeroplanes.

The Toscaninis moved into a villa in Liefering, a village some miles from town. They were joined by their daughters, Wanda Horowitz and Wally Castelbarco, with their husbands and a small child apiece, and Mrs. Toscanini's sister and brother-in-law, the Polos. My wife and I rented a room in a farmhouse nearby, but we took our meals with the Toscaninis. Each morning the Maestro would pick us up in his car on his way to rehearsal in the town, where *Die Meistersinger* and *Falstaff* were being prepared.

Only a week before the first performance, we became aware that all was not going well with the production of *Die Meistersinger*. At home, in the evenings, the Maestro looked melancholy, ate sparingly and often put his head in his hands and softly murmured to himself: "*Povero* Toscanini. . . . *Povero* Toscanini."

At last, one night, he spoke out. He was unhappy about one of the leading members of the cast. "He is a good man . . . a good artist . . . but not for this rôle," he said. "But you yourself chose him," I protested. "Besides, it's too late now. He came here at great expense, rented a villa and brought his family. You can't send him away now. It would ruin his reputation."

The Maestro shot me a look of scorn. "Are you asking me to think to this man or to think to Wagner?" My heart ached for "this man." But the Maestro had scored a point, and any appeal to sentiment would be regarded as an affront to his integrity as an artist. We telephoned to Munich for an acceptable replacement, and finding one, we spent half the night

After a concert tour, the Maestro relaxes at his villa. With him are tenor Richard Tucker and the wife of conductor Carlo Maria Giulini

If rehearsals had not gone well, the Maestro would be melancholy at home. He would eat sparingly and often mutter "Povero Toscanini"

Toscanini shows author Samuel Chotzinoff round his farm near Crema. The Maestro's home was often full of noisy children

Deathmasks of the Maestro's musical heroes, Wagner and Verdi, rest under glass in the study of his Milan home

composing a letter to "this man:" The gist of it was that the Maestro had noticed at rehearsals that the artist was not well. Should the artist decide to leave the cast and go away for a cure the Maestro would quite understand, and so forth.

A reply arrived the following day. . . . The artist thanked the Maestro for his solicitude. . . . It was quite true that he was unwell. . . . He would avail himself of the Maestro's kind suggestion to leave the cast and go somewhere for a cure, and so forth.

The whole Toscanini household was saddened by this episode. But after a satisfactory rehearsal with the replacement from Munich the Maestro brightened up. A few days later, there was a never-to-be-forgotten dress rehearsal of *Die Meistersinger* when the Maestro drove orchestra, chorus and principals to such emotional heights that when the curtain fell and was then permanently raised for criticism and last-minute touches, as is customary at dress rehearsals, no one on the crowded stage stirred, but all stood frozen like effigies, their eyes tear-dimmed.

The Maestro, too, stood for a while stock-still in the pit, his left hand on his hip, his right covering his eyes. He, too, was moved. Altogether forgotten was the poor man who had sacrificially betaken himself to a "cure." Wagner had been superbly honoured at the cost of one individual's happiness, and who could say that it was not justified.

THE rehearsals for *Falstaff* were no less exciting. There were, fortunately, no replacements, but one incident nearly cancelled the presentation. One morning we went to the theatre to see the sets for *Falstaff* mounted, for the first time, on the stage. All was well until the curtain went up on the interior of Ford's house.

After one look, the Maestro rose from his seat and rushed for the door. The scene painter, the director and other dignitaries ran up to him to find the cause of his displeasure. "*Vergogna!* (Shame!)" the Maestro cried, including with a great sweep of his hand the theatre and everyone in it, in his stricture. "Do you call *that*" (pointing to the offending scene on the stage) "an Elizabethan house? You know no-*thing*, no-*thing*. Go read what Verdi says in the score. No! This is not a theatre. It is a place for the *ignoranti*. I will not conduct in such a place. . . . No! No! Never . . . never!" His hoarse voice rose to a shout, drowning out the frightened protesting "buts" of the designer and *régisseur*. I ran into the street to shoo away the photographers who were always lying in wait to snap the Maestro.

One of them had set up his camera on a tripod in front of the car at the stage-door entrance. I begged him to leave and told him about the Maestro's belligerent state of mind. He would not budge.

The Maestro was coming through the stage door, his wife behind him. I tore off my jacket and threw it over his head, and pushed him from behind towards his car. Emilio, sensing his big moment, had already started the engine. As soon as we were in the car, he drove straight towards the cameraman as if to run him down. In his haste to avoid what seemed like certain disaster, the photographer tripped, caught his foot in the tripod, and camera, tripod and man crashed noisily to the street as Emilio deftly steered his car away. I removed my jacket from the Maestro's head. Understanding the necessity for my action, he had not lifted a hand to remove it himself.

Emilio, knowing by long experience what to do, headed for the open country. For an hour we drove in complete silence. When we returned to the Toscanini villa, we found an elaborately worded message from the Salzburg Intendant saying that a new set in the authentic Elizabethan style had already been started and would be ready on the morrow for the Maestro's inspection.

At last the opera seemed prepared to perfection. Yet at every performance, in the interval before the last act, the Maestro called the principals to his dressing-room and painstakingly rehearsed them in the final fugue. "You know singers forget quickly," he said each time in explanation.

The Maestro had little privacy in his villa at Liefering. The Toscanini children, their wives and husbands, *their* children with their nurses, the uncle and aunt and *their* daughter and her husband, and numerous friends and friends of friends turned the place into a kind of Italian *pensione*, gay and noisy and uninhibited.

Except at those times when some rehearsal or performance "poisoned," as he claimed, the Maestro's life, the inmates, including "Papa," behaved like any outsize Italian middle-class family. Children screamed and laughed, everybody talked at the same time, the voices trying to outdo each other in pitch and emphasis, often rising to what sounded to non-Italian ears like alarming belligerence.

In the afternoons, friends would arrive with movie cameras and someone would whip up a little playlet in which the entire family would act. The Maestro played ball with his grandchildren as cameras ground away, or acted the hero or villain of a grotesque play in which the emphasis was placed on facial grimaces, bodily posturings and buttock slapping.

One night, after a late rehearsal, he was prevailed upon to visit an inconspicuous restaurant in the town, where it was unlikely that he would be recognized. But we miscalculated, for his appearance threw the shabby place into an uproar. The crowded, chattering room suddenly grew silent; the proprietor ran towards us, quite beside himself with excitement. "What an honour, *Herr Maestro!*" he kept repeating as he bowed low to the ground, at the same time waving his arms backwards in an effort to spur the gaping waitress into action.

WHEN we were finally seated he ran off and a moment later returned with a bottle of wine. This bottle, he assured the Maestro, was from his special stock, and he wished to have the great honour of the Maestro's opinion of it.

The place was not of a kind to inspire confidence in the quality of its fare. I thought it prudent to taste the wine first, and when I did so my scepticism was fully justified. Never had I tasted a liquid so raw and rancid. I leaned

The Maestro with Mrs. Chotzinoff (right) and friends. One of his dinner hostesses made sure that he sat next to the most attractive women

towards the Maestro and whispered in English: "For God's sake, don't touch it! It's terrible." The proprietor had filled the Maestro's glass to the brim and now stood by anxiously awaiting the verdict. To my horror, the Maestro lifted his glass, said *"Salute"* to his host and stoically downed the vile concoction to the last drop.

A spasm of distaste screwed up his face for a second. The next moment, he smiled and put down his empty glass. *"Buono, buono!"* he said. *"Grazie . . . grazie!"* The beaming host refilled the glass and the Maestro, after a pause, drank it down. Of course, the rest of us felt obliged to follow suit. To forestall the host's further pressure and the Maestro's gallant acquiescence, I pointed to the lateness of the hour, and our party, greatly relieved, rose to go.

On the way home I asked the Maestro why he didn't heed my warning about the wine. He gave me a reproachful look. "He was so kind. I could not be rude," he said.

When on our last day in Salzburg we came to bid Toscanini goodbye, he appeared moved, and he embraced us gently. "We shall probably never meet again," he said. He had left the Philharmonic and America for good that spring. "Oh yes we shall," I said optimistically. "If you won't come to America, we'll come to Italy." He shook his head. "No! I am sixty-nine. . . . I am old . . . too old . . . it is time to die. . . . *Va, vecchio* John!" ("Go, aged John!" he quoted from *Falstaff*). He looked old at the moment. . . .

In the autumn of 1936, I met David Sarnoff, then the president of the Radio Corporation of America and the chairman of the National Broadcasting Company. Out of the blue, he offered me a job with the N.B.C. When I had been working there a short time, Sarnoff called me to his office one day and told me that he had made up his mind to persuade Toscanini to return to America. I could not help smiling in pity for his ignorance of Toscanini's character. "He will never come back," I said. "He told me so himself." I sketched for Sarnoff a verbal portrait of the Maestro, underscoring his absolute intransigence. I pointed out that once the Maestro made up his mind about something he could not be budged.

My disclosures failed to disturb Sarnoff. "We'll try," he said amiably. I was then commanded to send the Maestro a cable offering him a cross-country tour with the Philadelphia Orchestra. To this the Maestro promptly replied: "Thank you dear friend no. Arturo Toscanini." Disappointed but triumphant, I showed the cable to Sarnoff, who read it without emotion and said: "Let's think up something else. Suppose," he went on calmly, "we offered to *create* an orchestra for him—a *radio* orchestra? Would he go for that?" I shook my head pityingly. No. I was certain that he would not. He had no interest in broadcasting.

"Very well," said Sarnoff. "I want you to go to Milan and get him. No more cables! Get on a boat!"

Believing that I might at some point require feminine co-operation, I took my wife along. The voyage was a stormy one, and I spent most of it in bed alternately dozing and dipping into books and magazines. In one of the magazines, a paragraph that caught my eye recounted the behaviour of a flock of canaries in the author's living-room during a Philharmonic Symphony broadcast of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, conducted by Toscanani.

During the first three movements, said the article, the canaries were silent. But at the entrance of the chorus in the Finale, the birds settled themselves on the radio console and joined in. This amused me. Hoping that it might also amuse Toscanini, I shoved the magazine into a brief case for possible future use.

We arrived in Milan late on a piercingly cold, snowy afternoon and went to the hotel Principe e Savoia, close to the station. Then I telephoned Mrs. Toscanini. She said that the Maestro was in one of his sombre moods and that she would come at once. Half an hour later she arrived.

Our room was ice cold, so Mrs. Toscanini suggested that we all get into bed and continue our conversation in a less frigid temperature. The three of us piled into bed and pulled the eiderdown up to our necks. In that supine position I disclosed the purpose of my visit. My wife, who spoke Italian, was my interpreter. (Though Mrs. Toscanini had spent years in America, she spoke no English.) Almost from the start she began shaking her head and muttering, "No, no . . . *impossibile . . . mai*!" a reaction which I fully expected.

After an hour's conversation in bed, Mrs. Toscanini said that it was time for her to return. She would expect us for dinner that night. She had no objection to my broaching the project to the Maestro, though I must have no illusions about his answer. Perhaps, she said, I had better wait for some more propitious moment.

Later, in the Via Durini, we found the Maestro indeed in a sombre mood. His greeting lacked even a hint of the old warmth. The conversation at table was strained. Several times I was on the point of making a clean breast of it. Reconciled to the expected refusal, I was prepared for a quick farewell and an immediate return to America. But courage failed me, and we returned dispirited to our icy bedroom.

The next morning, Mrs. Toscanini telephoned that we were to lunch and dine with them during our stay in Milan. Dutifully but hopelessly we drove twice a day to the Via Durini. Some meals went better than others, but none

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This was the day, solemn and sacred: and Jeremy hated it. He hated what he must do to win his father's admiration. But he dare not back out now

Dawn Shoot

by ARTHUR GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

His father said, "All set, Jerry?" and Jeremy nodded quickly, trying to avoid his mother's anxious eyes. She leaned forward, though, forcing him to look at her across the table. "Jerry, you haven't eaten a thing."

"Don't fuss the boy, Martha," his father said. He drained his coffee cup and put it down.

Jeremy's mother smiled and began clearing the table. "Next time you go duck-shooting, my lad, I'll not be up at the crack of dawn to get your breakfast. You can have sandwiches."

His father got up and put on his outdoor clothes. He said almost wistfully: "The boy's too excited to eat. Wish I were fourteen again, and getting ready to shoot my first duck. You're luckier than you realize, Jerry."

Jeremy slipped out of his chair and began struggling into his rucksack. Although it was warm and snug in the kitchen of the cottage and freezing dawn outside, he was in a hurry now to get away. He picked up his gun with awkward mittened hands and joined his father by the door.

Outside, they stood for a moment in front of the cottage, breaths white in the icy air. Ahead of them was only flatness; not a house, not a tree, nothing but the vast expanse of marsh and water and sky.

Ordinarily, Jeremy would have been pleased by the bleak arrangements of black and grey and silver that met his eye. Ordinarily he would have asked his father to wait while he fussed around with his camera, trying to record these impressions on film. But not this morning. This was the morning, solemn and sacred, when he was to be initiated at last into the mystic rites of duck-shooting.

This was the morning, and he hated it, had hated the whole idea ever since his father had bought him a gun, had taught him to shoot clay pigeons, had promised him a trip to this island in the bay where the shooting was the finest in the county.

He hated it, but he was determined to go through with it. He loved his father, wanted more than anything in the world his approval and admiration. If only he could conduct himself properly this morning, he knew that he would get it.

Plodding now across the half-frozen marshland, he remembered what his father had said to his mother after the first shot-gun lesson: "You know, Martha, Jerry's got the makings of a fine wing-shot. Real co-ordination and timing. May have inherited something from his old man after all!"

It was said with a smile, but Jeremy knew what lay behind the remarks: his father's deep disappointment that his son was not more of an athlete, more of an outdoor boy. Disappointment that Jeremy preferred photography to football, music to boxing. His father never showed this disappointment openly. But Jeremy knew it was there.

They came to the blind, a narrow, camouflaged pit facing the wind-ruffled waters of the bay. In it was a wooden bench, a shelf for shot-gun cartridges, nothing else. Jeremy sat down tensely, waited while his father waded out with an armful of decoys.

Light was pouring into the sky, now. Far down the bay a string of ducks went by, etched against the sunrise. Watching them, Jeremy felt his stomach contract.

To ease the sense of dread that was oppressing him, he took his camera out of the rucksack, adjusted the lens opening and shutter speed, and took a picture of his father silhouetted blackly against the quicksilver water. Then it occurred to him that this might not be the thing to do. He put the camera hastily on the shelf in front of him, picked up his gun again.

His father came back and dropped down beside him, boots dripping, hands blue with cold, eyes bright with anticipation. "Better load up. Sometimes they're on top of you before you know it."

He watched Jeremy break his gun, insert the cartridges, close it again.

"I'll let you shoot first," he said, "and back you up if necessary. Just take your time. Don't think about anything. Something in your brain will tell you when to press the trigger." He loaded his own gun, closed it with a metallic snap. "You know," he said happily, "I've been waiting a long time for this day. Just the two of us, out here on the marshes. We——"

He broke off, leaning forward, eyes narrowed. "There's a small flight now, headed this way. Four—no, five! Mallards, I think. They'll come in from left to right, against the wind, if they give us a shot at all. Keep your head down; I'll give you the word."

Jeremy kept his head down. Behind them the sun had cleared the horizon now, flooding the marshes with tawny light. He could see everything with an almost unbearable clarity: his father's face, tense and eager, the faint white rim of frost on the gun-barrels, the brown thatch that masked the blind. His heart was thudding wildly. *No,* he prayed, *don't let them come. Make them stay away. Please!*

But they kept coming. "Five mallards!" his father said in a whisper. "They'll look us over. Keep still!"

Jeremy kept still. High above them, thin and sweet, he

L were fourteen
nd getting ready
my first duck,"
father. Jeremy
s feelings hidden

"Now!" roared his father. Jeremy felt his body obey. Under his finger the trigger curved, smooth and deadly

heard the pulsing whistle of wings as the flight went over, swung wide, began to circle.

"Get set," Jeremy's father breathed. "Don't forget your safety catch. They're coming in."

In they came, gliding down the sunlit aisles of space, heads raised alertly, wings set in a proud curve. Light flashed from the iridescent feathers around the neck of the leading duck, glinted on his ruddy breast, his white-barred wings. Down dropped his bright-orange feet, reaching for the steel-coloured water. Closer, closer. . . .

"Now!" cried Jeremy's father in an explosive roar. He was on his feet. "Take him! Take the first one!"

Jeremy felt his body obey. He stood up, leaned into the gun the way his father had taught him. He felt the stock cold against his cheek, saw the twin muzzles rise. Under his finger the trigger curved, smooth and final and deadly.

In the same instant, the ducks saw the hunters and flared wildly. Up went the leader as if jerked by an invisible string. For a fraction of a second he hung there, poised against wind and sun, balanced between life and death.

Now, said something sharply in Jeremy's brain, *now!* And he waited for the slam of the explosion.

But it did not come. Up went the leading duck, higher still, until suddenly he tipped a wing, caught the full force of the wind, and whirled away, farther and farther, faster and faster, out of range, out of danger, out of sight.

There was no sound, then, except the faint rustle of the grasses. Jeremy stood there, gripping his gun.

"Well," his father said at last, "what happened?"

The boy did not answer. His lips were trembling.

His father said, in the same controlled voice, "Why didn't you shoot?"

JEREMY thumbed the safety catch back. He stood the gun carefully in the corner of the blind. He looked once at his father's face. "Because they were so alive," he said, and burst into tears.

He sat on the rough wooden bench, face buried in his hands, and wept. All hope he had had of pleasing his father was gone. He had had his chance, and he had failed.

Beside him his father crouched suddenly. "Here comes a single. Looks like a pintail. Let's try again."

Jeremy did not lower his hands. "It's no use, Dad. I can't."

"Hurry!" his father said roughly. "You'll miss him altogether. Here!" Cold metal touched Jeremy. He looked up, unbelievingly.

His father had taken the camera out of its case, was offering it to him. "Quick, here he comes. He won't hang around all day."

In swept the single, a big pintail drake, driving low across the water, skidding right into the decoys.

Jeremy's father clapped his hands together, a sound like a pistol shot. Up vaulted the splendid bird, a magnificent vertical twelve-foot leap. One instant he was there, not thirty yards away, feet retracted, head raised, wings flailing, white breast gleaming. The next he was gone, whistling like a feathered bullet downwind.

Jeremy lowered the camera. "I got him!" His face was radiant. "I *got* him!"

"Did you?" His father's hand touched his shoulder briefly. "That's good. There'll be others along soon; you can get all sorts of shots and angles." He hesitated, looking at his son, and Jeremy saw that there was no disappointment in his eyes; only pride and sympathy and love. "Think you could teach me how to work that gadget?"

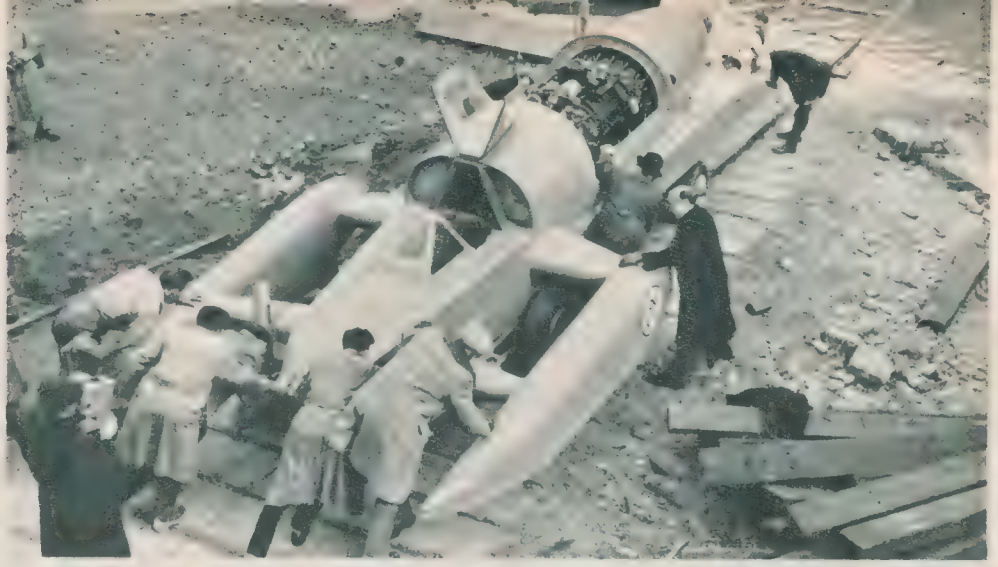
"Teach you?" Jeremy felt as if his heart would burst. "Gosh, Dad, there's nothing to it. It's easy, really it is. Look here, let me show you. . . ." THE END

SPEED IN MY BLOOD · 3

We go begging for £10,000

Our aim was to bring a world record back to Britain. We had to find more money—but people weren't eager to help

by DONALD CAMPBELL



February, 1955: the jet Bluebird takes the water for the first time

THE three-foot speedboat—a scale model of what was to be the new Bluebird — was powered with a hydrogen - peroxide rocket. This was the nearest we could get to the jet engine of the real thing. On a small lake near Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, we laid out a miniature trials course: accurately measured, it even had sighting-posts on the lake shore. Here we carried out the preliminary tests for the project on which I had set my heart—to win back for Britain the world's water speed record which my father had once held.

We had to treat the rocket fuel with great respect—if even an eggcupful was spilt on the grass a wisp of smoke would curl up, to be followed half a minute later by an intense fire. When one of our team trod in a minute pool of the stuff his shoe suddenly burst into flame, and his sprint to the lake for a quick paddle must have been a near record.

The little craft incorporated all the know-how I had gained from my previous record attempts and was designed by the Norris brothers, Kenneth and Lewis, brilliant engineers who had their own firm at Burgess Hill, in Sussex. It was radio-controlled and ran well; we learned a lot about its performance—facts that would be invaluable when we built the full-scale Bluebird. The only

"We made it!" Campbell's mother smiles happily as her son embraces his wife Dorothy and Leo Villa after the record run on Ullswater

Bill Coley (left) with Campbell immediately after the record run on Ullswater. Coley gave £2,500 towards the jet Bluebird

Dorothy Campbell names the jet Bluebird. Beside her are Campbell's (in cap). On Ullswater on July 23, 1955, Bluebird set up its

Escape kit tests at Tolworth. "I hesitated on the top rung," says Donald Campbell

setback was when the radio unit developed a fault and the craft veered off course, hitting the bank at fifty miles an hour and tearing off one of its floats.

The model finally smashed itself to smithereens at dawn one morning when it ran ashore at eighty miles an hour. The crash and the explosion of gas from the rocket so startled an elderly carthorse in the next field that he interrupted his breakfast with a burst of speed that would have won him the Derby.

It was spring, 1953, not quite a year after the American, Stanley Sayers—who had already captured the world water speed record set up by my father—had increased his own record to nearly 180 miles an hour.

Leo Villa, my father's old chief mechanic, and I accepted the challenge and planned to build an entirely new Bluebird, a hydroplane speedboat, to get that record back for Britain. It was not easy. I sank every penny I possessed into the project and tried to get backing from the big aircraft and marine engineering firms. Nearly all of them said that they were unable to help, but we did manage to get our test model built and, more important still, we obtained a jet engine to power Bluebird.

It was a worrying period, especially for Dorothy, my wife. We had met for the first time at Coniston in 1950. Dorothy McKegg was one of four New Zealand girls on a holiday motoring tour of the Lake District. It was before the old Bluebird crashed disastrously, and they came to see her. Dorothy and I met again, accidentally, at Southampton and we were married at Reigate in March, 1952.

For Dorothy, marriage to a husband and a boat as well has not been all fun. My long hours of work and the periods when I have been away from home for days—sometimes weeks—often destroyed any chance of a social life; but Dorothy has always been cheerful, tolerant and understanding. And when life has been more than usually difficult—during the new Bluebird project, for instance—she has been an invaluable help to me. There have been so many periods when her patience has been sorely tried by my worries and moods, yet she has rarely complained.

After the Osborne trials, the next task was to

sister (Jean Hulme), Campbell and Leo Villa first world speed record, 202·32 miles an hour

Some of the men who planned the jet Bluebird: Lewis and Kenneth Norris (designers), Donald Campbell, Leo Villa (the chief engineer) and Tom Fink of the Imperial College of Science

construct another model, this time for wind-tunnel tests. We carried these out at the Imperial College of Science and Technology at South Kensington. There, with the help of Tom Fink and his post-graduate students, we amassed a pile of figures to guide us in shaping Bluebird's hull in the form that would give maximum speed.

To show our appreciation of their help, we invited the students to dinner and afterwards took them to the Crazy Gang show at the Victoria Palace, London.

I have known the Gang from childhood, for Father, a lover of slapstick, frequently took my sister Jean and me to see them as a holiday treat. He used to laugh until his tears streamed, while we youngsters hooted with laughter. Sometimes he felt he should not show amusement at some of the more riotous humour.

"Disgraceful, absolutely disgraceful," he would say, poker-faced.

But he could never restrain his sense of humour and would soon be roaring with laughter again. Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox were always kind to Jean and me, and how we looked forward to going backstage after the show!

Part of the fun of a visit to the Palace is that you never know what any of the Gang may do next. One evening I was watching a new show from the wings when a mop was applied vigorously to my centre of gravity; the point of pressure was such that I found myself impelled on to the stage, in full view of the audience, with a certain amount of buoyancy.

We had our legs well pulled when the team from the college saw the show. Lewis and Kenneth Norris left the Palace around midnight carrying an enormous ceiling brush about twelve feet long, thoroughly happy. They were watched with an amused, tolerant eye by two bobbies as they made off in the general direction of Victoria Station. They got the brush home. It was a cheerful interlude. . . .

Now that we were satisfied with the design, we had to start building—and that meant finance.

I estimated that the total cost would be about £25,000, and when I had put in all that remained of my own capital we still had to find £10,000.

I appealed to many people for help, and most of them refused. Yet we were not entirely alone. One or two big firms and a lot of little ones supported us: we were offered £100 here, £250 there. Bill Coley, an old family friend who is in the scrap metal business, gave me a cheque for £2,500. It was all a gamble, but we had confidence and we went ahead.

Bluebird was to be an all-metal boat. Throughout 1954 she took shape—first frame, then hull. The jet engine was delivered to my home, Abbotts, near Dorking, Surrey, where Leo Villa and I taught ourselves how to handle it.

Bluebird was to be linked to the shore by radio telephone, and I decided to equip the cockpit with oxygen in case of accidental submersion. I began to think of a breathing apparatus combined with a microphone, and my thoughts turned to Neville Duke, chief test pilot of Hawker Aircraft, whom I had met on a number of occasions.

I rang up Neville, and he invited me over to Dunsfold Airfield. I explained what I had in mind.

"Perhaps a high-altitude pressure mask might do the trick," he said, and showed me the type used in the Hawker Hunter.

"It looks just the job," I remarked after he had explained how it worked. "Where can I get one?"

"Have mine," said Neville. "You're very welcome to it. And you'd better have the crash helmet we always wear as well."

He showed me the Hunter, made valuable comments on cockpit layout, and I left Dunsfold with his mask and helmet.

Soon after this I met Captain Bill Shelford, who had recently given up command of the R.N. Diving School at Portsmouth. He devised the idea of my using Neville's mask with a sort of aqualung developed for underwater swimming.

"What about trying it out in the experimental tank at Tolworth?" he suggested.

It seemed a reasonable idea to me as I drove over to Tolworth, not far from Abbotts; but I was inclined to have second thoughts for a few moments once I had put on the mask, which was attached to a compressed-air supply outside the tank. There is something rather cold-blooded in descending a ladder into deepish water; perhaps I felt a touch of claustrophobia. I hesitated on the top rung, wishing I had stayed at home and that there were not so many people watching—so that I could change my mind.

There was no way out of it, so down and down I stepped, feeling strange but finding to my astonishment that I could breathe easily. I stayed on the bottom of the tank for a few minutes and then climbed out feeling quite pleased and not a little relieved. After that it was no trouble—in fact it was rather fun.

Things were now well enough advanced for us to think about full-scale trials and plan our record attempt. We decided to base ourselves on Ullswater, in Westmorland. Here a local steamer company provided a pier, near the little town of Glenridding, where we could erect our boathouse and special slipway.

I got together a team of engineers to work with Leo Villa to install the jet engine in the now-completed hull and fit the controls. Back at Abbotts, I carried on with the administrative side, dealing with hundreds of details, nearly twenty-five letters a day and innumerable telephone calls.

September passed and October, with the team hard at work, before we could fix the date for completing Bluebird and holding the official ceremony when she would be shown to the public for the first time. Finally we decided on November 26 and sent nearly seven hundred invitations to our friends, to industry and to many we thought would be interested. And from that moment onwards we were often to wonder whether the boat would really be ready, even with the long hours worked by Leo and the team.

She was, in fact, far from complete on the day of the ceremony, although she appeared ready to go out on Ullswater.

By now the project had eaten up about £18,000, including all my limited capital. Expenses had been enormous, averaging about £250 a week for wages, travelling, printing, stationery, lighting, heating, telephones—all the usual items of any business, but, unlike

other businesses, we had nothing coming in.

I had travelled well over 100,000 miles for fund-raising talks and meetings; my appeals were answered by a few friends. But there was little other assistance offered.

I was faced with the prospect of borrowing money to carry on. Rather than become involved in that way, I mortgaged Abbotts in what was really quite a desperate attempt to keep going. Now every penny I had was invested or tied up in the new Bluebird.

It was a grim period. Yet there was light as well as shade. At the end of October, Bill Coley's father telephoned.

"Come over for a drink, Donald," he said. "I'm going to celebrate my seventy-sixth birthday."

"Many happy returns, sir," I replied. "I'm on my way."

Dear old Bob Coley was one of Father's friends for whom I have the greatest affection and respect.

When I arrived at his home in Cobham he was alone, but although I considered this rather strange I did not link it in any way with Dorothy's slight evasiveness in saying that she would join us later. I drank Bob's health with enthusiasm, but no inkling of the little plot he had in mind.

"Well, now," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, after we had chatted for a few moments, "I think it's about time we went into another room."

There I found Dorothy smiling at me, and the Coley family, my sister, Jean, and her husband, Leo, the Norrises, all with their wives—and many others. Bob called for silence after I had received an uproarious welcome. He wanted, he said, to make a speech. He proceeded to wish me and everyone associated with me good luck with the new boat and to hope we would win the world water speed record for Britain.

"And we want you to accept this to go on your dashboard," he added. "This" was a St. Christopher

HAPPINESS--1

To fill the hour—that is happiness.

R. W. Emerson

medallion in white and blue enamel on silver, unclasping to reveal the names of everybody at the party. I was deeply touched and thanked them all as well as I could.

It was Leo who had the idea of the medallion, for he knows I always wear a small gold St. Christopher charm round my neck, given me for luck by Father. And he also suggested, with typical thoughtfulness, that Bob Coley should present it to me on his seventy-sixth birthday.

The medallion is now screwed on the instrument panel of Bluebird's cockpit, a pleasant reminder of my closest friends.

It was a happy interlude during a period of complications.

There was further delay with completion of the slipway at Glenridding, and trouble with the boat's steering-control gear. It was not until ten weeks after her public appearance that Bluebird was ready to be launched into Ullswater.

Friday, February 11, 1955, dawned clear and fine. We decided that the naming ceremony should be performed by Dorothy and that I should make a trial run. Watched by Leo and the team, Brian, Jean, the Norris brothers and a number of friends, Dorothy swung a bottle of champagne to strike an iron bar above the boat.

She repeated the words I had spoken in 1939:

"I name this boat Bluebird. May God bless her, and her pilot, and all who work with her."

I stepped into the cockpit, the cradle was lowered down the rails and Bluebird gently drifted free. We towed her out into the lake and I prepared for my first run in a hydroplane since the old Bluebird crashed on Coniston.

We had waited nearly three and a half years for this moment.

I pressed the button and heard the starter come in. The revolution counter began to climb—400, 500, 600, 700. The jet started quickly and was soon idling sweetly. I felt a thrill of delight. Bluebird was under power for the first time, moving forward gently at five miles an hour. I turned the wheel to port. She answered immediately and swung round easily; over to starboard and again the quick response. There was no doubt about her low-speed manoeuvrability. She turned beautifully.

It was too soon to start congratulating ourselves—trouble lay ahead. First we could not get Bluebird correctly trimmed to plane on the water at speed. In bitter, freezing weather, we carried out the necessary modifications.

Then, when she planed at speed, water sprayed into the jet engine and stopped it; this was to be our biggest problem, but for the moment we got over it and I started serious trials—and they were not without their hazardous moments.

As I came in from one run the air-speed indicator failed. I passed the pier at what I estimated to be about eighty miles an hour and turned into the small bay, expecting the speed to fall away. Suddenly I realized that Bluebird was travelling much too fast and that she was not going to stop. Normally I could have pulled her up short by releasing the parachute arrester. But this was not fitted.

There was only one thing to do—yaw. I turned Bluebird towards the bank on her starboard side and then swung her over sharply to face the bank on the port side to slow her down. Still she was moving freely—and now there was no further room to turn.

Bluebird rushed towards the bank—and what a rocky, steep bank it seemed! Just as I was bracing myself for a collision her nose dropped and she stopped six feet clear of a very fat boulder.

There were many white faces when I went ashore at the pier. One of them was Leo's. He came up to me looking pale and angry.

"Look here!" he said sharply. "You're not playing the game. You're just playing the fool going on like this."

My nerves were not as calm as they might have been, and I turned on him with one of Father's favourite expressions: "Who the hell do you think you're talking to? Instead of standing there making damned stupid remarks get that indicator put right."

We glared at one another and burst out laughing.

To give me an idea of what Bluebird looked like in action, Leo took her out himself, while I sat in a speedboat in the middle of the lake with a pair of field glasses.

Leo took Bluebird away skilfully, quickly reached the planing condition at about forty miles an hour. When he slowed down, the usual shower of water from the spars and floats covered the cockpit and he got a ducking similar to those I had experienced, for the cover was a poor fit and water streamed in.

It was now that I became really frightened. I thought Bluebird was making straight for a headland and was about to crash on the shore. Suddenly I realized that water must have covered Leo's glasses and temporarily blinded him, and I imagined that he had lost control of the boat.

I called him up on the R.T.

"Everything all right, Leo? If so, give me a wave."

Looking through the field glasses I saw him wave. I felt much better.

He brought Bluebird alongside the pier and stopped at the right spot, although he was troubled still by his glasses and the glare of sunshine on the screen.

"Well, Leo. Enjoy it?" I asked when he was ashore.

"Fine, Donald! Wonderful! I'm

afraid I didn't get any instrument readings as I intended. It was all very bewildering."

"Now you know that it's not quite as easy as it sounds," I said to pull his leg. "By golly, you gave me a fright. I thought you were going straight into the bank."

"And now you know what we go through when we're watching you," Leo answered. "I got covered in water and couldn't see a thing through my glasses. But I was a long way from land. It was a wonderful feeling when she began to plane."

Bluebird's performances had been well reported and the news that she could reach 150 miles an hour in a quarter of a mile had been cabled to the United States, where the Navy Department in Washington put a request through via the Admiralty for information about Bluebird. It gave me considerable satisfaction to supply it.

Then, during the debate on the Naval Estimates in the House of Commons, one of the members asked the Civil Lord what interest the Admiralty was taking in Bluebird and whether he knew there had been an inquiry from the United States.

This set Fleet Street telephoning my hotel. Our tails were well up that night.

In the next testing phase we found that the problem of spray getting to the engine became acute at high speeds. There was only one thing to do—modify the design of the hull. There followed days and nights of work, frustration and worry.

I HAD arranged to rent two houses near Glenridding for Dorothy and myself and the team. In spite of our troubles we were a happy, cheerful party with everyone pulling his full weight.

Dorothy and my mother, who came over from Windermere, were bricks. At the boathouse they kept us going with tea during the morning and afternoon and also brought us our lunch. We could keep working until nine or ten at night before returning for the evening meal, and sometimes we did not pack up until after eleven.

Dorothy and I were able to see much more of one another than for some months past, and we enjoyed life in our stone house set in a wood on a hill overlooking the main leg of the lake.

Our patience was often tried by various complications. A railway strike occurred when we needed material urgently for the modifications.

There were also our finances, over which I brooded continuously. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was coming into our kitty, which had a voracious appetite. It was true that people were queueing to see Bluebird and paying one shilling each, but this money was collected by the steamer company in return for providing us with the boathouse and the slipway, which was fair enough.

Just when I was desperate for money, Bill Coley came once again to the rescue. He gave me another cheque for £1,000.

"Call it a loan, Donald," he said. "But if it doesn't work out that way, well I shan't worry."

You can imagine my feelings. Another old friend sent me a cheque and I raised a small amount from another source. We were able to keep clear of the financial rocks, but they were pretty near and always looked most forbidding.

SUMMER came to the Lake District; the hills, so harsh and brown before they were covered by snow in winter, were mantled in soft greens; the biting cold that had so regularly gnawed at us in the boathouse gave way to an almost drowsy heat.

Dorothy swam daily, and when, with Mother, she began to patrol the course searching for driftwood, her chief delight was to be towed behind the launch. A considerable amount of driftwood was collected, including one entire tree trunk; it drifted three miles during the night after being spotted at sundown. Maxie, my "labradoodle" dog, lolled around the house panting, and there was always a warm welcome from him at night.

Gradually Bluebird took on her new look. Her nose became more snubbed and less pointed, her front spars were raised and joined to the floats by smooth elbows, spray baffles were built on either side of the cockpit, a new Perspex canopy was fitted.

Finally the day came when Leo said: "Well, Don, you can take her out tomorrow, boy."

And so on July 9 Bluebird went down the slipway on her cradle and into the lake for the first time since March.

All went well until I had worked her up to nearly 140 miles an hour. Then I had a positive test as a pilot. Heading towards the turn into the main leg of the lake I saw one of the lake's passenger steamers rounding the headland. There was a gap of about forty yards between it and the island at the end of the Glenridding leg. I steered for the gap, passed the steamer and the next moment hit her wash. Bluebird reared like a bucking horse, throwing me about violently; but the harness held me in position and prevented my going

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out through the Perspex canopy; we came out of it all right.

More trials, more minor modifications; then on July 13 I informed the Marine Motoring Association that we intended to make an attempt on the world water speed record. From that moment onward we were to have no peace. Bluebird seemed to become a gigantic machine in which we were merely cogs.

As soon as the news was published, a spate of reporters and cameramen began to flood into our small village, all wanting to know when we were going to make our record attempt and seeking general information about Bluebird.

In the middle of it, my back, which had been uncomfortable ever since a schoolboy rugger injury, began to trouble me seriously for the first time in years and I had to arrange for a masseur to give me treatment.

More days of expectant crowds, unsuitable weather conditions and minor hitches followed. On July 23 I was due to take Bluebird out to test some adjustments we had made to her rudder.

I had told nobody, but in my own mind I knew that if the water conditions were right when I brought Bluebird up to the measured course this morning, my foot was going down on that accelerator. The general strain was beginning to tell on me and I wanted to get the whole thing over and done with.

I was depressed and a little tetchy as I walked down the concrete slipway from the boathouse, my back was giving me hell and I was thinking how wonderful it would be to go back to bed and lie down again.

Two of the team were standing beside Bluebird in their blue overalls. "All ready, sir," said one of them.

"Thanks," I answered and threw away my cigarette and stepped on to the starboard float with my rubber-soled shoes, leaned over and gripped the top of the Perspex hood, stepped on to the soft, blue G seat and slid gently down to sit with my legs on either side of the steering wheel. It is a pretty tight fit in the cockpit, just enough room for me. With my mind busy I forgot the pain in my back.

LET'S see now. . . . On with Neville's helmet, ears inside the rubber rings, fasten the chin strap, slip the pressure breathing mask with its microphone across my face. See that the valve is on atmospheric breathing. Plug in the radio lead, switch on. Check.

"Skipper calling Zebra. Skipper calling Zebra. Over."

"Zebra replying. O.K. Skipper. Able reports all O.K. and the water perfect."

"Skipper to Zebra. Thank you. Stand by. Over."

It's a pretty small world in this silvery cockpit. The black, shiny plastic wheel is handy in front of me and well forward, the dashboard is black but relieved by four dials. If I glance left and right I can just see the blue tips of the floats, if I look ahead slightly down I can see the snub nose of the cockpit. Ahead—the lake and the shore.

"Skipper to Zebra. All set and starting up. Over."

"O.K. Skipper."

I give the thumbs-up signal and press the starter button. There is a gentle purr, growing to a whine.

The engine is idling nicely and already there is plenty of thrust coming from the end of the jet pipe. Bluebird is straining on her mooring ropes wanting to be away. Suddenly she surges forward. We're off.

Moving slowly out of the trap. Clear of the pier. Helm hard over to port as we're facing a small, rocky island about a hundred yards away. Steer a course between the rock and the point of land on the port side. Now we're down, heading nicely on the track. Set a course to take us diagonally between the next two islands and down to the end of the main leg of the lake, which is the start of the course.

Now throttle down. Up come the

revs. Nose up, not much, but noticeably. Lot of water coming over and some spray on the screen. Now there's a terrific rushing of air as the thrust really comes on. Stern up. Now she's planing. Hold her down, don't want to go too fast—fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour. The second island is coming up fast. Start to ease her back. . . .

Now we hit the measured course. Going very fast indeed—fairly rocketing into space. Now pay attention. Keep on track. Must keep into the middle. Wind comes down and catches the boat. Sliding away slightly. Bring her back, not too fast. Gently, gently. Back again, back again. Not too much or you'll overcorrect.

We're in the middle. Have a look at the air-speed indicator. My godfathers—the needle's right off the clock!

What is it? 205? 210? I don't know. Ease back slightly, slightly, slightly. Keep her on two hundred.

"Leo, Leo. We're doing fine. Two hundred coming up. We've got it."

Flash out of the kilometre. Start to drop her back.

Coming in to refuel now. Slow down—cut the power—slide towards the

HAPPINESS—2

Happiness in leisure consists of contrasts. It's good for the chap who digs holes in the roads to watch someone else do the donkey-work, and vice-versa.

Sir Carol Reed

base. Someone catches the starboard float; pushes her gently round. Right. Undo my harness. Now watch your back, boy. Ouch! Stabbing pain as I move. Canopy back. Stabbing pain as I reach up too far to lower it. Crawl out of the cockpit like an old man.

Now they're refuelling her. I can hardly move, my back is so stiff. I have a drink of orange squash and smoke a cigarette.

Back into the cockpit. Repeat the drill—get her planing. The stern's up and she starts to rocket away on course again.

Keep her on track, boy. She yaws. We're facing the shore. Bring her back, not too hard, not too hard, gently. Watch that island. Watch that headland. Bit close, but she seems to be going straight. Hold it steady. Here we are now, bang in the middle. Now we're coming towards the end.

Remember you haven't got much water. Lift your foot just before you clear the kilometre, you've got plenty of speed in hand. Past the buoy. Flash down towards the end of the lake. Careful now, you can see the buoy-line on the island. . . .

It's over. Bluebird is taken in tow by the team and then Leo Villa, my chief mechanic and the man without whom none of it would have been possible, comes aboard. We sit together beside the cockpit, on either side of the air intakes.

"Fine show, Don," he says. "I can't tell you the speed—but you've got a new record. . . ."

Leo gave me a big hug and I noticed there were tears in his eyes. Then my own eyes were a bit damp, too. It was a wonderful moment, the finest of all. "Thank God, Leo!" I said. "We've been struggling for it for six years."

We sat there, the two of us on Bluebird, while they towed us in, too full of emotion to talk any more.

Then the timekeepers were with us at the pier. They looked pleased and purposeful: "Congratulations, Don. Your average is 202.32 miles an hour. . . ." I realized that I was 24 m.p.h. ahead of the record.

I felt a little dazed as they all grinned and gripped my hands. I called over Betty Coley, Bill's wife, and one or two close friends and told them quietly. Someone suggested that it was time to go up to the hotel. But I was not going to leave the catwalk until dear old Bill Coley and his son Christopher were back from the course.

When his launch was about a hundred yards away we could see Bill in his grey sweater. We gave him the double thumbs up and he jumped up and down with delight. Soon he was beside me and I whispered the figures. He grabbed me and thumped me and we both nearly fell into the lake, but saved ourselves by grabbing a rope.

And as the car jogged back to the hotel, past small knots of people, I thought of my father. It was just over six years since I had determined to improve his record to prevent it going to the United States; long years of bitter disappointment, frustration and hard work: Somehow at that moment it was difficult to realize that we had brought back the record to Britain. I felt almost like pinching myself to make certain I was awake and that this was no dream.

Father would have been pleased with our new record. But he wouldn't have been satisfied. Nor was I. We had designed Bluebird to do 250 miles an hour and none of us knew how close we could get to that target—or how dangerous it would be. Now I was going to America to find out.

NEXT WEEK: I take Bluebird to Nevada and lose her in a hundred feet of water

Parts of Donald Campbell's narrative are based on his book *Into The Water Barrier*, which was written in collaboration with Alan W. Mitchell and published recently by Odhams, price 15s.

The Long Walk

Continued from page 23

snow, hands on hips, and giving us a lively version of a Russian dance until Kolemenos was bellowing his laughter, tears running down into his beard. Nothing could ever daunt Zaro.

On the eighth or ninth day the going was unmistakably easier. The ground was falling away in a long, gradual slope southwards. The bare earth between the trees began to show tufts of the typical tough, rustling Siberian grass, there was more moss on the tree trunks.

In the early afternoon the forest suddenly thinned out and we saw the Lena, ice-sheathed and well over half a mile wide, at this point already a mighty waterway with still some 1,500 miles to run to the Arctic Ocean. We stood, partially under cover, in an extended line, listening and watching. The day was clear and sounds would have carried well, but all was silent, nothing moved.

We decided to delay our crossing until the morning. We built a shelter and, as darkness came on, we lit our first fire, setting it off with small dry twigs which we had carried for days inside our jackets against our fur waistcoats.

The distance already travelled was not, in relation to what lay ahead, very great, but it represented to us a considerable early success, with the Lena as our first objective.

QUIETLY, as the wood smoke curled into the trees and disappeared into the night, we celebrated with a hot dinner—a steaming *kasha*, or gruel, of water, pearl barley and flour, flavoured with salt. Our only cooking pot was an aluminium mug. We had two crudely made wooden spoons, and the mug was passed around the circle, each man taking a couple of spoonfuls at a time.

When the first lot had disappeared—and it went very quickly—we melted some more snow and made a fresh mugful. The sergeant was allowed to soak his bread in the gruel, and we all congratulated ourselves on a magnificent meal. All night long we kept the fire going, the man on watch acting as stoker.

And so, in the half-light of the day's beginning, we silently crossed the Lena, mightiest river in this country of many great rivers, and came to the steep bank on the far side. There, for some minutes, we stood, looking back across the ice. Some of the tension of the past weeks was already falling away from us. In all our minds had been the idea we might never reach the Lena, but here we were, safe and unmolested. We could face the next stage with fresh confidence.

Inconsequentially someone started to talk about fish. I said that in winter in Poland it was possible to catch fish by hammering a hole through the ice.

"And having made the hole," interjected Zaro, "what do we do next—whistle them up?" I explained that the fish, stunned by the hammering, would be forced out when the water gushed up through the gap in the ice. The others laughed disbelievingly. "All right, then," I said, "let's try it."

Kolemenos found a solid baulk of timber and we started thumping away with pile-driver blows. Eventually we broke through. The water shot up like a geyser, swirling icily round our feet. And yes! There were fish—four of them, about the size of herrings.

We swooped on them and picked them up. We were as excited as schoolboys. The others crowded round me, slapping my back, and Zaro made a little speech of apology for having doubted my word. Then Smith, looking anxiously around, said we had better not play our luck too hard and should get moving under cover again. We had a drink of the cold, clean Lena water and moved off on the next leg of the journey, with Lake Baikal as the immediate objective.

That first night across the river we spent in a copse on a low hillock. We lightly grilled our fish spitted through the gills on a skewer-pointed twig, ate

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sumptuously of this, our first fresh food, and finished up with more gruel.

At dawn we moved on. By now the Irkutsk issue of rubber boots had been discarded as worn out. Our feet were still wrapped in the only article of clothing handed out in the camp, the long strips of thick linen. We were all now wearing moccasins with skin gaiters wound round with straps of hide. We pushed on south for a full ten hours daily, and rarely rested until we had covered thirty miles.

A lucky throw with a cudgel and a feverish scramble in a bank of powdery snow earned us a luxury meal of Siberian hare, and added a fine, white skin to our reserve store. The party's hunting successes were accidents. Armed with only one knife, an axe and an assortment of clubs, we were ill equipped for finding and killing our own meat. It would have been comparatively easy to set simple and efficient fall-down traps such as the camp guards had laid, but we had no time for watching and tending traps.

In matters of woodcraft and hunter's tricks, mine was the opinion always sought. The other six were all townsmen. My happy days as a youth in the Pripet marshes were often turned to practical account. I was confident that with an occasional glimpse of the sun and the signs of the trees I could maintain a fairly accurate course due south. I had in my mind, too, a fairly clear picture in broad map form of south-east Siberia, dominated by the Lena and Lake Baikal. Let us but find the northern tip of the lake, I told the others, and its long eastern shore will lead us through Trans-Baikal and almost out of Siberia.

This thought of Baikal as a natural guide out of this country of bondage was the goad which kept us going fast and determinedly for the next few weeks.

Somewhere about half-way between the Lena and Baikal we had been making heavy going of hours of climbing towards the upper slopes of a range of hills, and towards mid-afternoon entered the cover of woods. The day had been arduous and at this higher altitude the wind was blowing a gale and it was imperative that we got as much protection as possible from it.

We found more than we had been hopefully seeking — a long-disused trapper's hut, the main roof timbers hanging down into the interior. We scouted carefully, but there was no need for caution. The place was derelict. We set to work, roughly repaired the roof, got a fire going and slept, each man taking an hour's guard duty.

ZARO was first out in the morning after taking the last watch. He burst back into the hut. "Somebody's playing the violin out there," he shouted. We roared with laughter and asked Zaro what new trick he was up to. "I tell you somebody out there is trying to play the violin," he insisted. "Come outside and listen." We went out. About twenty yards from the hut, Zaro held up his hand for silence.

Zaro had indeed heard something extraordinary. The description of someone trying to play a violin was setting it a little high musically. It was like the plucking of a string on a double-bass. The note was loud and sustained, dying gradually away. It was being struck about once a minute and throbbed through the trees. We looked at one another in wonderment and started a stealthy general move towards the sound.

Fortunately—and quite accidentally—we reached the source downwind of it, and froze. We were on the edge of a clearing, on the other side of which was a tree blasted by lightning. The trunk had snapped and fallen outwards without having torn itself completely free. At the break, about five or six feet above the ground, a long splinter stuck straight up. And as we watched, the splinter was drawn back until it was bent like a bow. Then it was released and the "music" vibrated on our ears. And the performer? A great black Siberian bear, reared up on his hind legs to his full and impressive height.

Peering round trees we saw him pull at the splinter again and again, standing each time with head on one side listening in comical puzzlement. The performance lasted several minutes before he got tired of it and shambled off—away from us.

The incident was good for a laugh for a long time afterwards. Zaro's act, entitled "The Russian Fiddler," was well worth seeing. That bear was the only one we saw. Wolves, the other menace, we never met, although we heard their howling and often came across their tracks. Our immunity from attack we probably owed to the size of our party.

The weeks slipped by into the middle of May and we noted gratefully the first signs of the short Siberian spring. The wind was milder, there were a few buds on the trees. Overhead we heard the beat of wings and looked up to see geese and ducks flying in to their summer feeding and breeding places. The streams we crossed were still hard frozen and the carpet of snow lay undisturbed, but conditions generally were easier and we felt the worst climatic hardships were behind us.

The last thing we wanted was to meet other men, and in this our luck held. We crossed roads only after thorough reconnaissance. There were nights when we saw afar the lights of a village or small township. There were days when we saw the faraway outlines of buildings and tall chimneys plumed with white smoke. In these areas we proceeded with extra caution.

Oddly, we knew we were near Lake Baikal a couple of days before we actually saw it. We became aware of the peculiar smell of water, compounded of the faint, flat fragrance of water plants and indefinable other things that bring nostalgia to people who have dwelt beside great waters. Finally we came to a high point from which we could look down into a valley, and we decided excitedly that this must be the beginning of Baikal.

Miles away to the west, groups of factory buildings caught the eye. Alongside the water at one point was a huddle of sturdy, small wooden houses, beside them a few upturned boats and spaced-out wooden poles such as fishermen use for drying their nets. Nothing moved in the fishing hamlet and we wondered if the houses were used only during summer. Far below, between us and the water, there wound a road alongside which were telephone poles, indicating a fairly important highway.

Our difficulty was to discover where we had struck the lake. We finally decided that we had swung too far west and were now somewhere near the north-west corner. This meant that we should have to follow the north shore eastwards until it turned down to point our route through Southern Siberia.

For more than an hour the seven of us squatted there, absorbed in the widespread scene below. Smith finally broke up the session. "Let's go down and take a look round," he suggested.

It took longer than we expected to reach the road. A weather-beaten signboard showed the direction and distance of a town named Chichevka, which must have been the place with the factories we had seen from the heights. We bolted smartly across the road into the undergrowth on the other side and soon broke through a fringe of small trees to find ourselves on the edge of a river. I held up my hand and the others closed in from left and right.

We had to decide whether or not to cross. It was about 150 yards wide, but the ice had broken up in the middle channel and the brown water swirled in a swift current. The general opinion was that as we should have to negotiate many rivers from now on, there was no point in delaying our first test.

I volunteered to go first and we unwound the rawhide straps from about our waists to make a safety line. Each man had up to seven turns of the stuff around him and the joined line was impressively long. The others kept watch as I trod carefully out on to the ice edge. It gave way suddenly with a crack, and I was in and gasping to get my breath. I struck out the short distance to the ice across the channel, reached it and tried to climb up. The ice broke away and I tried again. It seemed a long time before I was able to haul myself out. Chilled and miserably wet, I signalled the others to follow.

IT was not so difficult for the rest, but no less uncomfortable. They came across with the line to guide them, one by one, and we ran under cover as quickly as we could. We took off our three garments — the padded trousers and jackets and the fur waistcoats—and wrung as much water out as we could. We put them on again to dry on our bodies and went off briskly towards the lake to bring back circulation to our limbs. We sighted the lake, took our bearings and swung away eastwards.

Late in the afternoon we huddled together to make plans for the next immediate stage of the journey. Common sense dictated that to hug the lake verge too closely was to invite discovery. The proposal we all approved, therefore, was to bear away north and make our way clear of roads and towns on a course parallel to but safely distant from the lake. We set off obliquely north-east, aiming to cross the road again farther along.

We had covered about five miles when we saw ahead of us a line of trees marking the bank of another

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Shaw's Corner, the quiet villa where an Irishman wrote plays to startle England

FIFTY years ago, a slim, brisk, bearded figure—himself just fifty years old—came house-hunting to Ayot St. Lawrence. In this quiet Hertfordshire village he found a house that he liked, a typical Edwardian villa.

But before he made up his mind Bernard Shaw took a walk round the village. In the churchyard he noticed a gravestone to the memory of Mary Ann South. She had died at seventy, and the stone recorded the words: "Her time was short."

This information delighted Shaw. He at once decided to live at Ayot St. Lawrence. If one had not reached one's prime at seventy, then this village must indeed be a healthy spot, favourable to longevity. He was not to be disappointed.

The New Rectory at Ayot St. Lawrence was renamed by its purchaser—with a characteristic self-approval — Shaw's Corner. Everything about the house, which he left to the National Trust, bears the impress of his personality. In the hall hang the imposing wide-brimmed fawn felt which he cherished for sixty years and his beekeeper's black veil. Against the wall is the piano at which he sang arias from Italian opera.

The study was where Shaw did all his writing when he was not ensconced in his summerhouse. Punctually at 10.15 every morning he sat down at the large writing table before the window. On the left are his filing cabinets, the drawers neatly docketed. On all sides are photographs, many taken by himself, of his friends: James Barrie, Granville Barker, Sidney Webb and others.

Shaw used the dining-room a great deal. He was a vegetarian, and always ate sparingly, yet owing to his habit of reading with his meals he sometimes protracted them for as long as two hours.

In this room hangs Shaw's beautiful portrait by Augustus John. On the chimney pieces are photographs of Gandhi, Lenin, Stalin and Ibsen. It was here that Shaw died in 1950—at the age of ninety-four.

When the weather was fine, Shaw liked to write in the garden in his revolving summerhouse. There, completely undisturbed by visitors, he would sit in the old wicker chair which is still pulled up to the flap-table. The pens and inkstand, the open blotter and an empty page of foolscap are still spread out as though awaiting the attentions of what has been described as "that brilliant and tireless mind."

How to get there: Ayot St. Lawrence is three miles north-west of Old Welwyn (E.R.).

Open: Sundays, 11 till 1, 2 till 6, or till dusk if earlier; Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 2 till 6, or till dusk if earlier.

river. Over to my right, Zaro gave the halt and alert signal with upraised arm. I repeated the signal and the advancing line straggled to a stop. Zaro pointed urgently in the direction of the river. I saw something moving between the trees. It could have been an animal or it could have been a man —in the fading light it was impossible to tell—but we had to investigate.

I went over to Zaro and asked him what he thought he had seen. Zaro said: "It might be a man. Whatever it is, it acts as though it has seen us and is trying to hide." The others crept up to us. "If it's a man," said Makowski, "we shall have to hit him on the head and throw him in the river. We can't risk anyone giving us away."

We spread out again and, crouching low, moved forward from bush to bush. Suddenly a figure which had been motionless behind a tree trunk threw itself forward and downward into a clump of bushes. In that flash of movement I saw trousers and heavy knee-length boots. I broke cover and ran forward, the others at my heels.

The boots stuck ludicrously out from the bush as I threw myself on them and hauled outwards to bring the owner into view. The next instant I was asprawl with the boots in my hands. Kolemenos was breathing heavily down my neck, peering down at a ridiculously small pair of linen-swathed feet and slim ankles. From beneath the bush came terrified, heart-broken sobbing. We looked at one another in sudden embarrassment. Someone whispered: "It must be a woman."

SWIFTLY, Kolemenos bent down, shouldered aside the bush and gently lifted. We crowded round. It was a girl, round-eyed with fright, her tears making clean rivulets through the grime on her face. A few moments ago we had been a bunch of desperate men ready to kill to prevent discovery. Now we stood around, clumsily contrite, like a crowd of romping boys caught in mischief and seeking the words to repair some act of over-rough horseplay.

"Don't be afraid of us," I said in Russian. "We won't hurt you." She looked at me and her eyes went from me to the other six solemn and anxious bearded faces. She went on crying, and I cannot blame her: we must have looked the worst gang of desperadoes she had ever had the ill luck to meet.

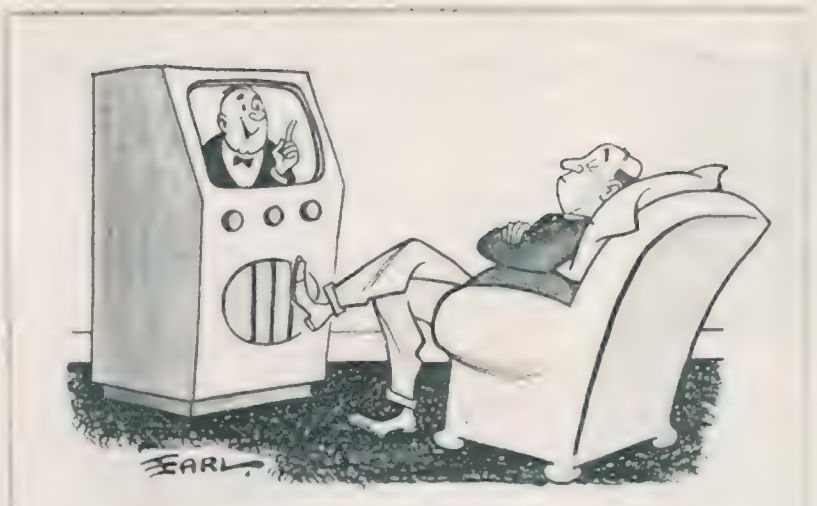
Everything she wore seemed too big and bulky for her. Her thin shoulders were hunched in a long, wide, kapok-padded *fufaika* and her slim ankles emerged incongruously from a pair of heavy padded trousers. Like our own, both garments were of some sombre heavy material. Beneath the jacket showed the upper half of a well-worn velvet dress, the skirt of which was tucked into the trousers.

From two sleeves of a woollen jumper or cardigan she had made herself a scarf which was wrapped about her neck. Her tear-brimming eyes were very blue. Wisps of chestnut hair strayed out from under a moth-eaten fur hood. She looked like a schoolgirl masquerading in the clothes of a grown man. And because she looked so helpless we stood around silently and waited for her to dry her tears and speak. We were tongue-tied.

She lifted her hands to draw her sleeves across her face, and I saw that she was holding a little crucifix. She dropped her hands, looked down at her feet and then turned her eyes on me. She was standing barefoot in the snow —and I was still holding her boots. I bent down and helped her to slip her feet back into them.

She spoke then, in a quaint mixture of Polish and halting Russian. "I have lost my way to the farm where I work. I am Polish and I was deported here to work." The look she gave us was apprehensive.

Paluchowicz and Makowski pushed forward. I talked and they talked in a rush at the same time. In the gabble of explanation she finally understood we were telling her we were Poles, too, that we were escaping prisoners, that she had nothing to fear. Impulsively she flung herself into my arms and



"Why not try 'Bovo' for sound, soothing, refreshing sleep!"

cried her relief and sudden happiness. Over and over again she repeated: "God is good to me." The other two Poles awkwardly patted her head and shoulders.

Her name was Kristina Polanska. She was just seventeen. She had not eaten for two days and she was very, very hungry. We rummaged in our bags and handed her our scraps of food. She ate like a half-starved animal with absorbed concentration, now and again sniffling and rubbing her padded sleeve across her nose. She fascinated us. We squatted and never took our eyes off her. Only Mister Smith sat back a little, watching with a detached air of appraisal. Then she stopped eating and told us her story.

"I am not lost from the *kolhoz*," she volunteered. "I ran away. I have been running for many days." She paused. "And you are the first gentlemen I have met since I left my home." She put a lot of emphasis into the word gentlemen.

"Where was your home, Kristina?" I asked.

"My father had a farm near Luck, in the Polish Ukraine," she said. "I last saw it in 1939. I have no home now."

Quietly the American interposed with a question about our immediate plans. It was getting dark, he pointed out, and he thought we should go northwards along the river bank to a point which looked favourable for a crossing early the next day.

We walked for four or five miles along the tree-fringed river. I saw the girl several times looking at Smith. She did not speak to him. I think she sensed that in this calm and thoughtful man was the only likely opposition to her presence among us. We Poles talked to her. Smith said nothing.

It was quite dark when we found a place to rest. We built a hide against a fallen log. Then we laid down our food sacks and she curled up among us, completely trustful, and slept. She was still asleep when, at the first hint of day, Mister Smith touched me on the shoulder and beckoned me away.

He came to the point at once. "What are we going to do with this young woman, Slav?" I had known it was coming and I did not know what to say. It might be a good thing, I said, to find out from her what were her plans. It was evading the question and I was well aware of it. I saw Makowski talking to Paluchowicz. They strolled over to us, and on their heels came Kolemenos. A minute later the other two joined us. "Very well," said the American, "we'll make it a full conference." We discussed the problem, but could reach no decision except to talk to Kristina.

We woke her gently. She sat up and looked at us all. She smiled in real happiness to see us. We grinned back through our beards and basked in that rare smile. Paluchowicz, clearing his throat portentously, asked her then how she came to be where we found her and where was she heading.

"I was trying to get to Irkutsk," she said, "because a man who gave me a lift on a farm lorry and was sorry for me told me that if I got to the railway there I might steal a ride on a train going west. He dropped me a few miles away and I was trying to find a way round the town."

Her glance rested on the American. He returned the look gravely. Her fingers fluttered to the strands of hair straying outside her cap, tucked them away in a gesture pathetically and engagingly feminine. "I think I should tell you about myself," she said. We nodded.

It was a variation of a story we all knew. The prison camps were filled with people who could tell of similar experiences. After the first World War, Kristina Polanska's father had been rewarded for his war services by a grant of land in the Ukraine under the reorganization of Central European territory. In September, 1939, when the Russians started moving in, the news of their coming reached the Ukrainian farmworkers. The well-organized Communist underground was ready. It needed only a few inflammatory speeches on the theme of the overthrow of foreign landowners and Ukrainian peasants were transformed into killer mobs. The Polanskas knew their position was desperate. They

HAPPINESS—3

Oh, don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

W. S. Gilbert

knew the mob would come for them, and hid Kristina in a loft.

She heard the arrival of the mob, the shouts of men, the sounds of destruction as hammers and axes were swung in a wrecking orgy among the equipment in the surrounding farm buildings. The men advanced towards the house. Kristina heard her father's voice, but it was drowned in a sudden uproar. Her mother screamed once and then Kristina pressed her hands over her ears and shivered and moaned to herself. When at last the house was still she crept down and found her parents lying dead in the yard. They had been beaten and then strangled with barbed wire.

I watched her white face closely as she told of the horror of that bright September morning. She spoke flatly, with little change of expression, as a person does who is still under the influence of profound shock.

"I went back into the house then," she said, "and I picked up some food and wrapped it in a cloth. I ran very hard for a long time."

She was obsessed with the idea of having to keep ahead of the Russians and out of their hands. Ironically they caught her in the act of crossing the border when she did not even know she was near it. The Red Army handed her over to a civilian court which swiftly sentenced her to be deported to Russia as a *kolhoz* worker in the Yenisei River area of Western Siberia. There, one day, the foreman of the farm tried to assault her. She beat him off and ran away. Eventually she reached a road where she was given two long lifts eastwards by drivers of big farm lorries.

"All Russians are not bad," said Kristina. "These two were sorry for me and gave me some of their bread to eat. The second one told me to try to get to Irkutsk, but he could not take me any farther."

She looked round at us all and her eyes finally rested on Mister Smith. "So that is how I came to be here," she added.

The American dug his hands into his *fufaika* pockets. He spoke levelly. "We are not going anywhere near Irkutsk; we are heading south around the other side of the lake. What are you going to do now?"

KRISTINA looked surprised and taken aback. She turned an appealing gaze on the other six of us. Her lips trembled slightly. "I am coming with you. You can't leave me on my own."

The American looked over her head for some moments at the river beyond. "Can you swim?"

"I swim very well," she said, and there was no mistaking the note of pride. "In school I was a very good swimmer."

Through Mister Smith's grey-streaked beard came the flash of a smile. We relaxed as we heard him tell her: "Forgive me, child, if my questions have seemed to be abrupt. We just thought you might have plans of your own. All we can offer you is hardship. Our food has run very low and we have a great distance to travel. You must consider, too, that if you are caught with us you will not get off so lightly as you would if you remained on your own. If you want to join us, however, we accept you completely."

"Thank you," replied Kristina simply. "The only thing I wanted to do was to be with you."

I called for a check on food. All seven sacks were opened up, the rolled-up skins set on one side and the food brought out. We were, as we feared, badly off. There remained perhaps a couple of pounds of barley, a little flour, some salt and a few pounds of almost black deer meat. We decided on strict rationing to one small meal a day until we could replenish our stocks. The only stores item still in plentiful supply was the *gubka* moss which, with a flint, we used for fire-lighting. At least we had the means of warmth.

We ate hurriedly and decided to make an immediate river crossing. This first hour of daylight gave promise of a fine spring day and we had a common desire to make distance fast and far, to return as soon as possible to a straight course to the south.

For the girl this first river was a new ordeal. We persuaded her to take off her warm jacket, trousers and boots. I had a moment of great pity for her as she stood with us in the shelter of the trees in her faded dress.

I went carefully out to the edge of the ice with the line paying out behind me, the axe stuck firmly in the back waistband of my trousers, and I made it fairly quickly across the open channel to the other side. Kolemenos crossed, holding Kristina's clothes with some difficulty above water. Paluchowicz and Makowski came over together, the girl behind them with the bight of a length of spare line about her, the ends held by the two Poles. The other three followed, one of them bringing the girl's boots. We ran for cover, winding in the line as we went.

Kristina was blue with cold and she could not stop her teeth chattering. Kolemenos passed her clothes. "Don't stand still, child," Mister Smith told her. "Run off now and take that

I don't ask myself

Am I a man or a mouse?

I merely ask :

Am I *as warm*

as mouse or man

can be, in this draught-ridden hole ?

Am I free and unhampered?

Am I sleek and unshrunk ?

Am I undarned, unfelted, unbulked-out

by one ounce of spurious weight ?

Am I, in the name of commonsense,

wearing wool-and-nylon or spun nylon

vests and pants ?

Well, as a matter of fact, I *am*,

like any intelligent man.

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dress off. Wring it out quickly, wipe off the water as much as you can, and jump into your dry trousers and *fufaika*." She nodded and ran. We stripped off, danced around, wringing out our garments as we did so. The operation did not take long and in our wet rags we waited a few minutes for the girl to rejoin us. She came running, with her dress and underwear under her arm in a soggy bundle.

"Did you see? I *can* swim, can't I?"

Mister Smith grinned. "Yes, I saw."

On the third day after leaving the lakeside, I judged that we were in a position for turning south on a route which would take us down to the border, with Baikal lying some fifty miles to our right. The country was hilly and well wooded and our progress was a series of stiffish climbs, with scrambles down into steep-sided valleys carrying small rivers and streams down to the lake.

I MARVELLED at the way the girl stood it all. We all had misgivings about her frailty, but she never once held us up. She was even gay and happy when we were soured and foot weary. She treated us like a crowd of big brothers —all except Mister Smith. Between those two there grew almost a father-and-daughter relationship.

Soon there was not one of us who would not cheerfully have died to protect her. She would wake in the morning, look at the unhandsome collection around her, and say: "It is wonderful to see you all. You make me feel so safe." On the march she loved to get Zaro up to his clowning. Even Zaro was sometimes glum, but Kristina never failed to chaff him back into his normal sparkling humour. Sometimes, as I watched them together, I found it hard to realize we were on a desperate mission, half-starved and with the worst of the journey yet to come.

Now, too, the party had a nurse. A cut or an abrasion was her immediate concern, and she tore strips from her petticoat for bandages. When the bandages were finished with, she washed them in stream water and put them away for further use.

We crossed the Bargusin River, about half-way down the lake, at the end of May. It was the last of the major water hazards. On the south bank the Siberian summer seemed to be waiting.

Now the sun beat down on us, all was green, there were flowers, and the birds were back from their distant migrations. In six weeks we had walked out of the bitter tail-end of Central Siberian winter into the warm embrace of the Trans-Baikal summer, where village orchards in the distance were gay and beautiful with blossoming cherry and apricot trees.

For a full two days after the Bargusin we ate nothing and the thought of food obsessed us all. Then it was that we saw the horse through the trees betraying its presence with restless movements in the shafts of a crude sledge. Zaro and I went forward for a close look. The horse turned the whites of its eyes over its shoulder towards us. It had every reason to suspect our intentions. We were quite ready to eat horsemeat.

Zaro and I saw it at the same time—an old single-barrelled twelve-bore shotgun. It lay across the sledge alongside a little leather pouch, which we guessed to be for the ammunition. The thought struck me hard. We must get the gun before the owner can reach it. I ran forward with Zaro and whipped it quickly under my arm, barrel pointing down. I waved the others forward. Kolemenos went towards the horse to quieten its restiveness, but the animal shied from him.

The man must have been quite near, near enough to hear the nervous movements of his horse. We faced him in a tense bunch. He was about sixty, a solid, broad-shouldered woodcutter, his big axe held on his right shoulder. His approach impressed me. He saw us, but his slow, deliberate walk did not falter. His eyes looked steadily ahead and took in the fact that I held his gun under my arm. He gave no sign of fear or alarm. He went to the horse's head, ran his hand through the mane, turned aside and swung the blade of his axe into the bole of a tree, where he left it.

He looked at me and beyond me to where the girl stood with the American. "Who are you?"

Smith answered: "We are prisoners escaping. We shall not harm you. We only want food."

There was a simple dignity about the man. He looked us all over with easy frankness. "You don't have to worry about me," he said. "I live alone and I am the only man for miles around here."

He reached down to the sledge and picked up a long, slim sack.

From the sack came treasure. A loaf of dark-brown bread. Four smallish dried fish. A thick, mouth-watering hunk of salted fat pork. From his belt he took a long hunter's knife. Carefully he cut off one slice of bread and one slice of salt pork, which he replaced in the sack. He beckoned, and Kolemenos stepped forward. The woodcutter put into his big hands the loaf of bread, the lump of pork and the dried fish.

Kolemenos stood for so long looking down at the food in his hands that eventually I said to him: "Put it in your bag, Anastazi, and we'll share it out later."

The sound of my voice caused the Russian to turn towards me—and to the gun I was holding. There was an unspoken question in his eyes. I walked over to Smith and we talked about the gun. We agreed the thing would be useless to us. We could not hunt with it for fear of attracting attention. Nevertheless, we could not afford to take the slightest risk of its being used against us or as a signal to summon assistance.

I faced the Russian. "We are sorry, old man, but we have to take your gun with us."

For the first time he appeared perturbed. "It will not be safe for you to use it," he said. "I understand the way you feel. Hang the gun on a tree somewhere and perhaps one day I shall find it."

We turned to go. Once more he looked at Kristina. "Good luck to you all," he called after us. "May you find what you seek."

We moved on for about an hour without much talk, all of us feeling a nagging sense of guilt at having taken the gun, a thing of inestimable value to a man like the woodcutter. About five miles from the scene of the encounter I hung the gun on the low branch of a tree overhanging a faint track, having first bound a piece of deerskin round the breech. It was the best I could do.

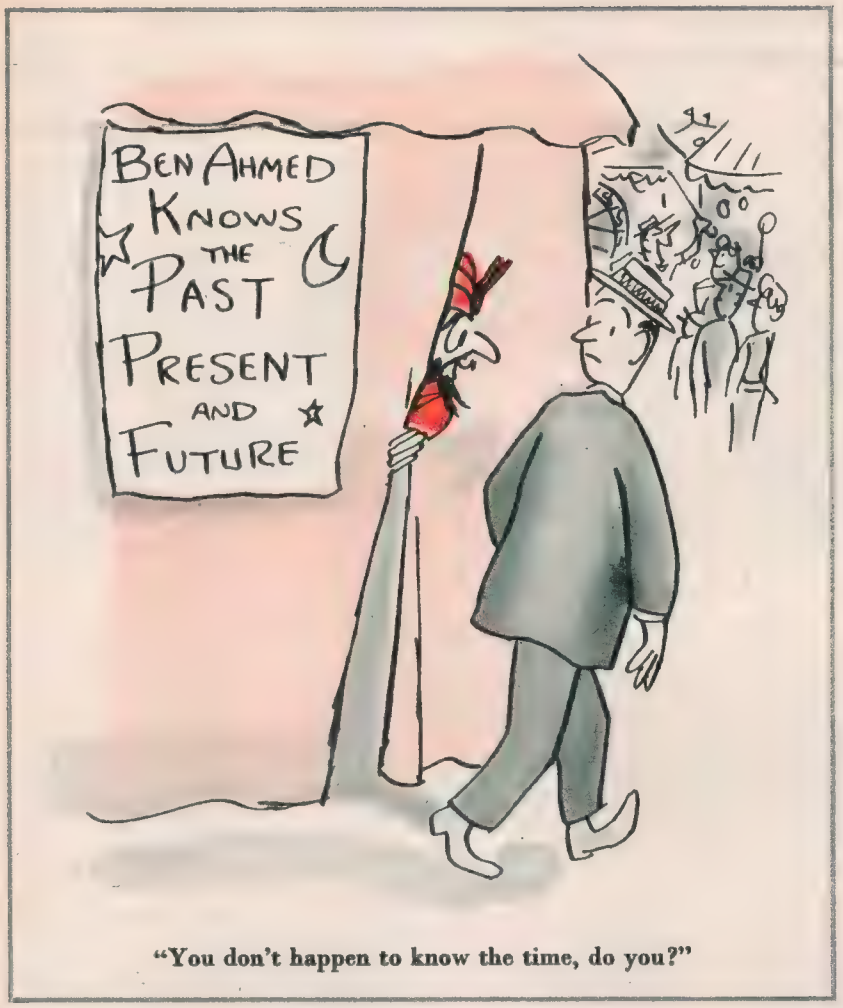
The food remained untouched until the day's march ended at nightfall. Carefully, Kolemenos divided it into eight portions. So small was each lot that I could have bolted mine in a couple of minutes and still remained hungry. But the well-developed instinct of hoarding food against the possibility of even worse trouble prevailed with all of us. We decided to use what we had as an iron ration spread over three days—a little for this night and the two following nights. Kristina listened to our talk and ate as we did, one-third of her small store. She looked very white and tired that night, I remember.

We pressed south over a succession of low ranges. The farther we went the more the signs of human settlement increased. Daylight travelling was

HAPPINESS—4

There are two things to aim at in life; first to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

Logan Pearsall Smith



"You don't happen to know the time, do you?"

getting hazardous so we now returned to night marching. The new arrangement was pleasant. We slept warm during the heat of the day and had the moonlight to guide us through the cool of the night. It was in bright moonlight, too, that hunger forced us for the first and only time to raid a village. We stole a pig, butchered it and then roasted it in a cave. The taste of that pork was delicious, and when we had gorged ourselves we smoked the rest of the meat over our fire to take with us on the march.

It was at this stage of the journey that I worked out that we must be within a week's travel of the border. The knowledge made us edgy, silent and exaggeratedly watchful. We spent up to an hour scouting the position ahead before crossing a stretch of open ground or one of the many shallow streams crossing our route. More than crossing the frontier I feared the crossing of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Already we were near enough to have heard in the far distance the passing of trains. Mister Smith shared my fears.

"The railway will be heavily patrolled," he said anxiously.

"We will cross at night," I replied.

From high ground we saw the Trans-Siberian Railway, five miles distant, through the clear air of a June morning. Lying near the track and separated by four or five miles were two small villages; on the outskirts of each, hard against the side of the tracks, was a signalman's or maintenance man's stone house. On our side of the railway, the northern side, was a protective belt of trees, beyond which could be seen some kind of fence, both obviously having the common purpose of preventing snow from drifting and piling up on the line.

All day we watched. Several long trains passed in both directions. About midday a Red Cross train steamed west. An hour or so later a freight train chugged from the east, and we nudged each other at the sight of the heavy guns it was carrying.

The advance towards the railway was made immediately after dark, with Paluchowicz and Makowski out on each flank as a special security patrol. It took us about an hour and a half to reach the screen of trees and we waited there for the two Poles on the flanks to edge their way into us. They had seen nothing suspicious, they reported.

"Right," I said. "Marchinkovas will come with me to the railway. The rest of you will follow to the edge of the trees where you can see us and wait until we signal you on."

The fence offered no difficulties. At the foot of the embankment there was a ditch. We climbed into and out of it. We crawled slowly up on to the tracks and lay there listening. I put my ear to the nearest metal rail. There was no sound. I stood up and flapped my arms. Straining my ears for any warning sound along the line, I heard every move of the approach of the others. I thought sickeningly: *they are making enough noise to be heard a mile away*. It was the girl who came and crouched beside me.

"All right?" I whispered.

"Yes."

I looked round. Everyone was there. I looked across the shining steel rails and listened for a few more seconds.

"Come on!" I jerked my arm, jumped to my feet and leaped forward, taking Kristina with me by the elbow. There was an agitated scramble down the embankment on the far side and then we were running like crazy fools.

We had covered about a hundred yards when someone shouted, his voice sharp with panic, "Down, down!" I glanced back and saw the lights of a passenger train. I dropped, pulling the girl down with me. We all went down and hugged the ground as the train thundered by. It had been a near thing. If anyone on the train had seen us I am sure we should have been ruthlessly hunted down.

The country on the south side was fairly flat and gave us good cover. It was criss-crossed by shallow streams, and it was at one of these a couple of mornings later that Kristina said: "I would like to wash my clothes."

We all agreed that it was an excellent idea. Kristina walked away from us down the stream carrying her shoes and splashing her feet in the water until she disappeared from sight. We stripped and started our laundering. All of us were infested with lice, and I derived a savage pleasure from holding my clothes under the rippling stream in the hope I could reduce the army of parasites which had lived on me for all these months. We beat our clothes with stones and

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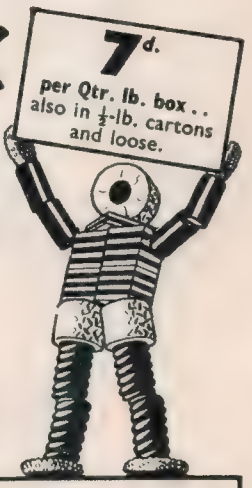

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then trod some of the filth out of them. A couple of hours passed while the sun dried our clothes and we washed ourselves and stretched out naked in the long grass. With a shock we heard the girl call a warning of her approach and dived for our trousers.

Kristina looked as though she had been scrubbing herself. Her face was shining. She had been doing something to her hair, too. The chestnut tints glinted in the sun and she had contrived to persuade it into some kind of order by carefully plaiting the ends.

Keeping a straight face and holding herself erect like a dowager at a tea party, she greeted us: "Good afternoon, gentlemen. Were you expecting me?" We all laughed at that and completed our dressing. And Mister Smith went away and picked a small posy of some pink flowers and gravely handed them to her. "You look beautiful, my child," he told her. Kristina smiled radiantly. It must have been one of her happiest days.

WE were very near the border when we ran into the two Buryat Mongols. There was no avoiding the meeting. We saw one another at the same moment at a distance of not more than fifty yards, and there was nothing to do but continue towards the pair. One was middle-aged, if one can judge the ages of these people, the other was definitely a young man. They could have been father and son. They stopped and waited for us, and they bowed together as we came to a halt.

The conversation was embroidered and ornamented with politeness and I took the pattern from them. They spoke slowly in Russian, and inquired solicitously whether our feet carried us well in our travels. The older man was naïvely curious to know about us.

"Where do you come from?"

"From the north—Yakutsk."

"And where do you travel to?"

"We travel very far to the south."

The old man looked shrewdly at me from beneath his wrinkled lids. "You go perhaps to Lhasa to pray?"

I thought that an excellent idea. "Yes," I replied.

But the old man hadn't finished. He looked us over carefully. "Why do you have the woman with you?"

A bit of quick thinking here. "She has relatives who live on our way and we have promised to deliver her there."

The two Mongols exchanged smiling glances as though approving of our protection for the girl on her journey. Then both dug their hands into their deep pockets and brought them out clutching fistfuls of peanuts which they cheerfully handed round.

Each in turn wished us that our feet would carry us well and safely to our destination. They turned away together and walked from us. We waited to see them out of sight. They had gone only a few yards when the old man turned back alone. He walked straight up to Kristina, bowed and gave her a handful of peanuts for herself. He repeated his good wishes to her and to us all and left us beaming good will.

When they had gone we set off at a fast pace. We were too near the frontier to take chances now.

NEXT WEEK: Tragedy strikes in the burning Gobi Desert

Toscanini

Continued from page 27

gave me an opening. The Maestro spoke little. When he did speak it was mostly bitter invective against Mussolini and what he called his *ladri* (thieves), and the misfortunes that they had brought on Italy.

One day the Toscaninis took us to lunch in a very large restaurant in the Galleria. This great, high, glass-roofed section of the city was more crowded than usual; the Fascists were celebrating something or other and Mussolini and Ciano had come to Milan for the festivities. The restaurant was full. As we entered, all eyes turned to the Maestro. He was, as usual, oblivious of the sensation he was creating, but Mrs. Toscanini looked nervous.

When we finished our lunch, I made an attempt at conversation. I told him that we had stopped a day at Naples and were surprised at the change in the city since we last saw it. "Mussolini certainly cleaned up Naples," I said thoughtlessly. I had hardly finished speaking when the Maestro screamed at me: "Mussolini! Do not speak of that *assassino*! That *porco*! I wish to kill him. I would be happy to kill him. . . ." He ranted on for what seemed an eternity.

I looked around me. Not a soul *appeared* to hear the Maestro. No one was looking our way. It was as if the Maestro was speaking in a language none of the diners understood or cared to understand. Mrs. Toscanini kept murmuring: "*Basta! Basta!* (enough, enough) Papa," and she clutched my hand in despair. He talked himself out at last. His wife hurriedly called for the bill and we left the restaurant.

For the first time, I understood why Mussolini suffered his arch-enemy to go unmolested. I had seen the people in that restaurant *protecting* their beloved Toscanini by pretending to be deaf.

Two weeks went by and still no suitable moment occurred for me to approach Toscanini about the object of my visit. Then one night at the Toscanini apartment we found two other guests at dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Gatti-Casazza. Gatti (as everybody called him) had just retired as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House and had returned—like Toscanini—to spend his declining years in his native land.

Impresario and conductor had had a long association, both amicable and warring, in Italy and America, and their reminiscences of their colourful pasts lasted through a lengthy dinner.

THEY recalled their first two years together at La Scala, and how, after a performance, they would remain at the opera house until dawn, planning new productions and analysing the merits and defects of the old ones. The faces of the two ageing men reflected the bitter-sweet pleasure their recollections (and some excellent wine) induced.

"Do you remember, Gatti . . ." the Maestro said, and his face was suddenly clouded with some disturbing memory, "do you remember the *jettatore*?" Gatti nodded his large head. "I remember well," he said solemnly. I looked perplexed, and the Maestro explained that a *jettatore* was a man who had the evil eye. "This poor man—Giovanni was his name—ruined my first performance of Weber's *Euryanthe*. *Vero*, Gatti?" Gatti nodded. "*Vero!*" he said.

The Maestro turned to me. "Everybody was afraid of Giovanni . . ." ("*Naturalmente*," Gatti put in). "I too. When I see him in the street I go the other way." ("*Certo!*" Gatti murmured.) "Giovanni was a good man. *Poveretto!* He could not help it to have the evil eye. Think! He even married and had children. Well, well! I was going to conduct *Euryanthe*. It was the first time the opera would be given in Italy and I had many rehearsals. Many! At last I was satisfied.

"Well, came the night of the performance. I put on my frock coat and I go to La Scala. As I reach the stage door I hear a voice from the other side of the street. The voice say '*Buona sera*, Maestro.' My blood freeze. It is the voice of the *jettatore*, Giovanni. I stay still. I pretend I do not hear.

"Then, of a *sooden* Giovanni crossed over and came close to me. He put his hand out to me—so" (the Maestro stuck out a hand towards me) "and he said again '*Buona sera*, Maestro.' Imagine how I felt! But I could not deny to take his hand. *Povero* me! I took it! Then I went sadly into the theatre. Ah! I think to me, what will now become of *Euryanthe*! It will be a fiasco.

"You remember, Gatti, I said to you: 'Gatti, what shall we do? Shall we postpone the opera?' And you said: 'Too late, the people are all here, the opera must go on. We must take the chance.' *E vero*, Gatti? So I go without spirit. I begin the overture. To my surprise the orchestra play no bad. It go well, very well. I am *a-stoni-ed*. I say to myself: 'Ah Giovanni, you have lost your power. Your evil eye is nothing no more.' The orchestra play better and better, eh, Gatti? And I finish the overture, and the people all scream 'Bravo, bravo!' I am content. I laugh to myself. No more shall I be afraid of Giovanni. But wait!" The Maestro had risen from his chair. His face was flushed. He waved his arms at me as if to caution me against optimism.

"The people scream 'bravo!' That is good. But they do not stop. I wait

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for silence to begin the opera. They do not stop. For five, for ten minutes they scream. They will not let me begin the opera. You must understand I never permit *bis* (encore) at La Scala. *Mai.* Never. The people in Milan know I never permit *bis.* And now at last I understand. The *jettatore*! Giovanni! The evil eye! It had work-ed. Giovanni had won. The people scream *'bis . . . bis.'* I turn around. 'No *bis*!' I scream back, and I break the baton in half and throw the pieces at them. Then I go home to bed. *Vero,* Gatti?"

When the Gattis left, I stayed on purposely. I had suddenly decided that the moment had arrived for me to talk to the Maestro. The visit of the Gattis, the old memories and perhaps the wine had put the Maestro off his guard. He was amiable and talkative. He urged me to have some brandy.

Now, if ever, was the moment. I must have had a great deal to drink, for my fears had vanished. I attacked the subject boldly, without preliminaries.

I said that all America was hoping for his return. I told him that it was useless for him to talk about his old age. He was younger, in spirit and in physical stamina, than any conductor in the world. The N.B.C. would build him a great orchestra. Instead of playing to a few thousand people in Carnegie Hall, he would reach millions over the radio.

I did not let him interrupt. I talked eloquently without pausing for a second, advancing all the arguments I had been marshalling in my mind.

But I needed a climax, a *fortissimo* finish. It suddenly came to me. I remembered the magazine article about the canaries. "Maestro," I said, "did you know that canaries once sang the chorus of the Ninth Symphony? Well, they did." And before he could speak, I whipped out the magazine and read him the significant paragraph. He listened with mounting excitement. And when I finished he seized the magazine and read it for himself, holding the paper very close to his eyes.

"*Senta,* Carla!" he cried to his wife, waving the article in her face. He was beside himself with excitement, and he poured out a stream of Italian, fiery and rapid, in his eagerness to impart to her the news of the miracle of the canaries in Cincinnati.

My moment had arrived. "Maestro," I said, taking his hand, "this is one of the marvels of radio. It is touching to know that canaries can be excited into song by the Ninth Symphony played a thousand miles away.

"But think of the millions of people who will also hear it and be touched and comforted by it . . . millions of people on farms and in little villages who have never heard a live symphony orchestra and never can. And when your music goes over the air," I continued shrewdly, "everyone who hears it will know the way the composer *meant* the music to be played; they will hear the difference between your revelation of what Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn and Wagner *intended* and the dreadful misrepresentations of second-class conductors which they call 'interpretations.' Maestro, *will* you come?"

There was a pause that seemed an eternity. Toscanini's eyes were probing me like an X-ray, as if to make completely sure of my honesty. Then he looked away and dropped the words "Why not?" like a bombshell in the silence.

I was taken aback. The situation seemed quite unreal. I said to Mrs. Toscanini: "Signora, may I use your telephone? I want to tell the great news to Mr. Sarnoff." A look of apprehension passed over Mrs. Toscanini's face. "Telephone to America?" she asked severely. I hastened to set her mind at rest. "*I* pay for telephone," I assured her. "*N.B.C.* pay." She looked relieved. "N.B.Chile pay," she laughed, making the name sound like the Italian equivalent of *imbecile.* She liked her little joke and we laughed with her.

Sarnoff was delighted with the success of my mission and congratulated me warmly. "And what do I do now?" I asked him. He replied: "Sign him up!" And so terminated the costly transatlantic conversation, much to Mrs. Toscanini's relief. Though certain that N.B.C. would foot the bill, she disapproved of extravagance in general. Actually she was the most generous of women. It was the small sums that bothered her. Thus, in the mistaken belief that she was economizing, she would travel miles, using up a gallon of petrol, to buy a pound of butter cheaper than she could in a shop nearer home.

HAPPINESS—5

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it.

George Bernard Shaw

RETURNING to New York, I started at once to put together an orchestra that would be worthy of Toscanini. Symphony orchestras are not built in a day, and we had only ten months in which to assemble one before the Maestro's first broadcast on Christmas night, 1937. We had engaged Artur Rodzinski as assistant conductor, and the two of us now desperately attempted to make up for the time we didn't have. We engaged the very best men available.

Rodzinski and I gave innumerable auditions to applicants, and at last I was able to write to the Maestro and tell him that the orchestra had been tentatively formed. I enclosed a list of the players I would, with his approval, engage. Promptly, the Maestro returned the list, but he had put crosses next to many names and had made revealing notations underneath: "Be careful, he drinks!" "His intonation is bad," "He is not a good musician."

We were now in the last week of November. Everything was ready. We had assembled a superb body of men and the National Broadcasting Company had already spent a young fortune in the creation of the orchestra and in its administration. Pending the final seal of the Maestro's approval when he arrived, I luxuriated in the realization of an impossible dream and in the completion of a difficult job.

I was rudely jolted from this happy state one morning at breakfast by a cablegram from the Maestro. "I have received news unpleasant," it read, "that because of the high cost of the new orchestra and myself, the N.B.C. is causing some of its employees to lose their jobs. This I do not like. Please release me from my contract. I stay in Italy. Arturo Toscanini."

This was shattering news. While I could make no sense out of the message, I realized that whatever the misunderstanding on the Maestro's part, we might not be able to clear it up in time for the scheduled opening of our season.

I learned that Toscanini had been terribly upset by the arrival of an anonymous cable and had sworn that he would not be the cause of anyone losing his job and would therefore refuse to come to America.

As a last resort I decided to make a personal appeal to the Maestro and, after many tries, I wrote out a long cable calculated to melt a heart of stone. I wrote that far from causing one man to lose his job at N.B.C., the company had taken on, besides a full symphony orchestra, a number of people to meet the increased demands on the engineering, publicity and press departments.

I begged him to remember that in our many years of friendship I had never misrepresented anything to him. And I earnestly asked him to consider whether he was justified in believing some anonymous troublemaker and questioning my veracity. I ended by swearing that my only concern was to serve the cause of music.

Day after day we waited, and no

"But are you sure that you didn't leave a light on when you went down to see if you'd left the lights on?"

reply came. At last, when I had given up hope, there came a terse wire from the Maestro giving the date of his departure for America on the Ile de France.

The Maestro's arrival posed the ever-recurring problem of keeping press photographers away from him. Whatever influence the N.B.C. press department brought to bear on the editors of the city's newspapers resulted only in vague promises not to use flash bulbs, provided we could get the Maestro to pose on deck, where the natural light would be sufficient. At six o'clock on the morning of the arrival of the Ile de France, with a large contingent of newspapermen and women, I boarded a cutter and steamed out of the bay, where we lay around and waited for the liner.

Soon she loomed through the fog and anchored, and we climbed aboard. I knocked at the Maestro's cabin. Mrs. Toscanini's voice asked, "*Chi e là?*" and when I shouted my name she unlocked the door. I went in and she locked it again.

The Maestro's greeting was rather reservedly polite, as if he still harboured a suspicion that I might have deceived him in the matter of the anonymous cable. Presently there was a knock at the door. It was the steward summoning Mr. and Mrs. Toscanini to the ship's lounge to have their passports stamped. The American immigration officers had received instructions to give the Toscaninis priority and a few minutes later their passports were stamped and we headed back to the cabin.

A that moment, a man with a camera materialized as if from nowhere and fired a flash bulb directly in the Maestro's face. The Maestro let out a piercing yell, clutched at his eyes and, screaming Italian maledictions, chased the fleeing cameraman.

THROUGH the door he ran and out on to the long deck, I after him, Mrs. Toscanini a poor fourth behind. The cameraman was very fleet, but the Maestro was steadily gaining on him when suddenly two nuns who were walking briskly towards the saloon stood directly in his way. As the Maestro veered to one side to avoid the sisters one of them put out a restraining hand and clutched at his sleeve.

With an imprecation he jerked his arm free and sped on. But the momentary halt had given the cameraman time to disappear. I caught up with the Maestro at the end of the long deck, where he stood irresolute, baffled, fuming and gesticulating wildly. I led him back to his cabin, where he collapsed in a chair, the picture of utter desolation. By now the ship was being manoeuvred into its berth. The steward reappeared and led us, as we had arranged, to a cabin in the third class, from which we disembarked quite unnoticed, while a host of photographers and newspapermen patiently waited for us at the first-class gangplank.

We got into a car that was waiting for us and drove to the Astor Hotel. The Maestro had by this time recovered from the effects of his sprint on deck, and it seemed that he had enjoyed giving the press the slip. He looked unusually handsome as he sat in the back of the car, bolt upright, on his head a Breton beret at a jaunty angle, a long flannel scarf carelessly draped around his neck.

Though it was a cold December morning, he had refused to put on his overcoat. Now he looked out of the window at the familiar New York scene with obvious pleasure. "I like New York," he said. "I always like-ed it. It is a living city . . . it is like strong wine."

ON the following morning, I called to take him to his first rehearsal. A large dressing-room on the eighth floor of the N.B.C. studio had been fitted up for him. Mrs. Toscanini brought along a case with his shirts, handkerchiefs, rehearsal coats, fans, a half-dozen framed photographs of members of his family, several little photographs of Verdi, one each of Brahms and Wagner and a miniature of Beethoven.

Wherever he conducted, these pictures were set up in his dressing-room. Mrs. Toscanini arranged them on the piano, then helped her husband to put on his rehearsal jacket, a black alpaca garment with a high collar. She brushed his silky white hair towards the back of his head in a kind of cottontail effect. The Maestro sprayed his face and head with an atomizer containing his favourite toilet water. He then selected a baton from a number of various sizes and weights.

He was plainly nervous when I told him that the orchestra was ready. As we were about to leave his room, he hastily took up from the bureau a small crucifix attached to a silver chain, and a set of tiny pictures reposing in a number of little metal frames resembling a segmented bracelet. These objects he first raised to his lips and then slipped into the pockets of his trousers.

Silently, we made our way through the long, winding corridor that led from his room to Studio 8H, the N.B.C. concert hall. As we reached the anteroom of the studio, we heard the members of the orchestra tuning up. Suddenly there was silence, the kind of silence that is as blatant as the loudest noise. Not the sound of a breath, a scratch, a movement came to us from Studio 8H.

I held open the swing door and said: "Ready, Maestro?" He looked quite pale, as if he were a novice about to make his début. His wife went up to him and kissed him on the forehead. At the door he stopped abruptly and

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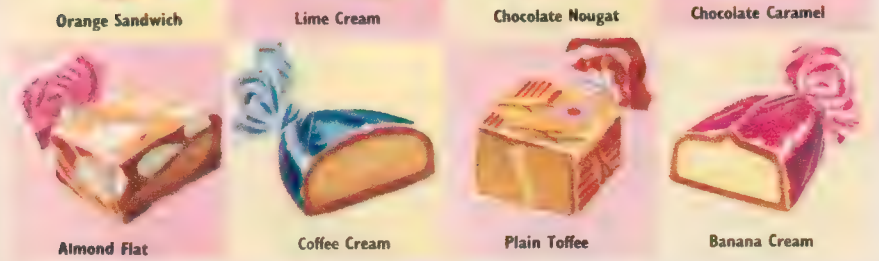

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held up his hands for a moment in prayer. I preceded him to the stage and called out in a voice that sounded strange to me: "Gentlemen . . . Maestro Toscanini." The men leaped to their feet, the string players beat their stands with their bows. The Maestro bowed his head once, cut short the demonstration by motioning the men to their seats, rapped sharply with his baton on the stand nearest him, said in a hoarse voice, "Brahms," and the opening, fateful rhythmic measures of the Brahms First Symphony cut the air. He played through the first movement without stopping.

At the end he said: "*Non c'e male*" (not so bad). Then resolutely, "*Da capo*" (from the beginning). He brought his right arm down sharply in a downbeat which he fortified with a hoarse "uh," and the rehearsal was on in earnest. For an hour and a half he was on his feet, shouting, swearing, cajoling, his baton describing unorthodox convolutions, straight-up-and-down rapier stabs, delicate sideswipes, long horizontal even undulations, like a gently moving multi-arched snake, or sudden circular movements, like a cowboy twirling a lariat. At last he stopped and stepped off the podium.

His face and head were sopping wet and beads of sweat gleamed at the tip of his nose. Never had I seen garments so wet as his rehearsal coat and undershirt, which Mrs. Toscanini removed with difficulty in the dressing-room.

"You know," he said with pride, "I perspire water—pure water!" And, indeed, he spoke the truth. We rubbed him down with a coarse towel, which we then draped over his shoulders. His wife gave him a lozenge to chew, and a straw fan which he wielded vigorously over his scalp all through the quarter hour of intermission. He seemed at ease, and I hazarded a question. "And the orchestra, Maestro?" He interrupted his fanning and said: "I am content."

Now and again he raised his hand and beat out a measure, or made undulating motions as if moulding a shape. I gazed at him with emotion. At this moment nothing in the world mattered to him but the contour of a phrase in the slow movement of a Brahms symphony. In Studio 8H, a perfect orchestra sat waiting and eager to realize his perfectionist's dream.

In a few days, every American possessing a radio would be able to share in this dream. For the first time in nearly a year I could afford to relax. Yet I knew that anything could happen between Wednesday morning and the following Saturday evening to prevent the opening broadcast on Christmas night. An anonymous telegram might arrive, a rehearsal might go awry, or the hapless *jettatore* Giovanni might suddenly appear at the stage door of Studio 8H and offer his baleful hand to the horrified Maestro.

Eventually my fears proved to be unfounded. No anonymous wire arrived, the rehearsals pursued their exciting but non-catastrophic course and no *jettatore* materialized at the stage entrance. The Christmas night broadcast, played before a select and critical audience in the studio and heard over the radio by millions of people in the United States and Canada, took place without incident and to the Maestro's satisfaction.

Yet for anyone connected with the Toscanini concerts during his seventeen seasons with the N.B.C. Symphony, relaxation was rare indeed.

After a performance which failed to please the Maestro—though it electrified the audience and the critics—our scheduled two or three days of rest became as much a trial as any rehearsal.

For Toscanini himself these seventeen years marked the longest uninterrupted tenure of his magnificent career. And when, on April 4, 1954, he put down his baton after his final broadcast, he brought to a dramatic, poignant close a noble and exciting period in the history of music. THE END

Toscanini — An Intimate Portrait **by Samuel Chotzinoff is to be published as a book by Hamish Hamilton in the summer**

Island In The Sun

Continued from page 13

of the Union. He had met the Somerville undergraduates at cocktail parties. Afterwards they had gone on in groups, sometimes in couples, to dine at the Mitre or the George. There had been no awkwardness, no embarrassment. How different it was here!

"Telephone, Grainger."

It was his brother calling from the living-room. He hurried to answer it. "Yes, this is Grainger Morris."

"It's me—Euan. Listen, are you doing anything tomorrow in the late afternoon?"

"Nothing that matters."

"That's fine. Then you can come out swimming with some girls."

"What girls?"

"Mavis Norman, Jocelyn Fleury and I don't know who else—that bunch that was up today."

"Now wait a moment, I must think."

Must think very fast. Those girls would not want to meet him on such terms. Euan had rushed them into it, very likely he hadn't yet consulted them. It was the kind of mistake that visitors to the island kept on making.

"I'm sorry, but a bathing party's not quite my line. I thought you meant a quiet gossip in the Jamestown Club."

"We can have a gossip on the beach; you needn't swim, you can sun-bathe if you like."

Euan was persistent but Grainger remained adamant. Finally Euan yielded. "I'm disappointed. So'll the girls be; they just rang up to ask me to persuade you."

"*They* rang *you* up? Who rang you up?"

"Mavis Norman. She thought I would have more influence with you than she would. She guessed wrong."

"But if she rang up——" He checked. It made all the difference if the girls had rung up Euan. Perhaps he had been fancying things; perhaps it was only the old people who continued the old prejudices. If that were the case it would be churlish of him, it would be ridiculous of him to refuse. "I'll do my best," he said. "I can't promise definitely until tomorrow, but I'll do my best."

In a very different mood he returned to his chair on the veranda. Perhaps he had been wrong about Santa Marta. It was not the same place that it had been before the war. Ideas had changed, and when the younger generation took its parents' place, the island would become as liberal as England was. . . .

The beach that Jocelyn Fleury had chosen for her party the afternoon following the governor's party was ten miles out of Jamestown and one of the least frequented. It was for that reason she had chosen it. She did not want Grainger Morris to be embarrassed by the presence of her friends.

The girls changed in the car, the men behind a cluster of bushes. Euan was in the water first. How cool, how invigorating it seemed, after the tepid, tideless Mediterranean! He stretched himself upon the sand and Jocelyn sat beside him. I must find out what he's really like, she thought.

What was he planning to do, she asked, when he came down from Oxford?

He shrugged. "I'll have three years there. That ought to give me time to make up my mind."

"What about the army?"

"Not for me, no thank you! There may be a war in the next ten years. If there is, there'll be only one thing for a regular army subaltern: to stay with his regiment and the men he's trained. Nothing could be duller. But as a civilian I might land myself something dramatic."

"That's a curious reason for not being a regular soldier."

"But it makes sense. I've heard a lot of military talk, and a good deal of military grumbling, and I've come to the conclusion that three-quarters of the glamour jobs of the last war were performed by men who were civilians at the start of it."

She laughed. "Tell me about Egypt," she said. "Was it very dreary?"

"In some ways, very. In eighteen months I didn't have one meal alone in feminine society."

"That's a long time."

"I'll say it was."

Sitting here on this bench in this fresh green world, beside this friendly girl, with a soft breeze dulling the sun's heat and the trade wind churning the dark waters beyond the reef, it was hard to believe that only two weeks ago he had been in Suez.

He watched Mavis Norman as she came out of the water. Wasn't this the dream that he had cherished in those arid days?

"She's very attractive, isn't she?" he said.

"I think so."

Mentally, Jocelyn shrugged. So that was the way it was. Mavis again. Did she feel a twinge of jealousy? She didn't think she did. Not jealousy, but a sense of disappointment in herself. Men liked her, felt at ease with her, confided in her; but it was for girls like Mavis that they fell.

Mavis settled herself beside them on the beach. "Have you a punch in that vacuum bottle?" she inquired.

She had been conscious of Euan's glances in the car; she had noticed his sudden start, the way his eyes had opened as she came to join them.

"When I was in Suez," Euan was saying, "I'd lie out on the beach and close my eyes and make a prayer to Allah. 'Please,' I'd say, 'when I open my eyes, may I see a pretty girl walking across the sand towards me.'"

Yes, here it came again. Why was it always this way, with her? Why couldn't it be the other way round; with a man whom she'd known for three months saying: "It's an extraordinary thing, but I've begun to realize that I'm in love with you. You grow on one"? There'd be so much more likelihood of that lasting. . . .

There were no guests that night to dinner at G.H. "We must work out our plan of campaign," the governor said. "These next months must be gay. Denis, what would you suggest?"

"There's the Nurses' Dance next week, sir. Why not a dinner party first?"

The governor agreed. Whom should they invite?

"There're the girls I was with this afternoon," Euan said. "And what about Grainger Morris? The girls like him."

The governor's hesitation was so brief that neither of the young men noticed it. Since this was an accepted friendship, and they were going on to dance in public, it was a good opportunity of showing the community that Government House admitted no racial distinctions. But if he was going to ask Morris, he must ask at least one girl of colour, too.

"Can you think of any girl who's respectable and not, shall we say, too African, who'd help make the party go?"

A wild idea occurred to Archer; so wild that he did not know whether he dared put it to the proof. He had a moment of panic, then he knew that he'd despise himself if he didn't risk it. "Do you know Margot Seaton, sir?"

"I don't think I do."

"She was here yesterday. She's pretty and quick-witted."

"What does she do?"

"Works at the Bon Marché."

"What about her people?"

"She's a cousin of David Boyeur."

"We don't want him here." At the same time, the governor reflected, to invite a relative of his might prove a salutary lesson to the young demagogue; it would diminish his self-importance. "Ask her, certainly, if you are convinced that she won't disgrace us."

"I can promise you that, sir."

Next morning Archer sent out the invitations. He invited Jocelyn, Doris and Mavis by telephone, but for Grainger Morris and Margot Seaton he made out official invitations on Government House cards. He sent round Grainger's by the chaffeur; Margot's he delivered personally at the Bon Marché.

She was standing behind the counter as he walked in. "The Cosmos seems to have lost a customer," she said.

"I've not come to buy shaving soap. I am on official business."

"Shall I fetch Mr. Martin?"

"My business is with you."

"Oh."

"Are you going with a party to the Nurses' Dance?"

"Naturally."

"Then I'm afraid your friends will have to find someone to take your place. This envelope contains a royal command that can be declined only in the case of illness."

He handed her the envelope. It was embossed with a crown.

"What does it say?"

"Look inside and read."

She opened it, took out the card. She read it slowly. Her face showed no change. He was impressed by her lack of surprise.

"I will see that someone calls for you. I had better have your address," he said.

She gave it him. It was in St. Catherine's, a section a little out of Jamestown that he scarcely knew.

"I will let you know the final arrangements on that day."

As she watched him drive away, her

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lips parted and the tip of her tongue passed slowly over them.

That evening David Boyeur called at the Bon Marché pharmacy. "I've come to apologize," he said.

"Okay."

"It was a very good film."

"It was. I went to it last night."

"There's a new film tomorrow. Would you like to come?"

"I would, very much."

"Have you decided which party you'd like to join for the Nurses' Dance, the Salmons or the Levasseurs?"

"That's something I want to talk to you about. I shan't be able to go with you."

"Why not?"

"The governor has invited me."

"The governor's *what*?"

"I warned you, didn't I?"

"Of what?"

"That you might regret having dared me to go to that garden party."

ON the following afternoon Julian Fleury drove to the airport to meet his wife. She had been away two weeks, and he was conscious of a quickening excitement. It was good to feel like this after thirty-five years of marriage. He was lucky, very lucky.

As she came down the gangway of the plane he had the same sense that he had had in their days of courtship: of seeing her afresh, for the first time. She waved, smiling.

Betty had kept her figure. Had he half closed his eyes, he would not have known whether it was she or her daughter who was coming across the asphalt to him.

"Darling, it's lovely to be back." She came into his arms, and there was again under his nostrils that faint scent of lilac. It was a real kiss of welcome.

"Is anyone at home?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Sylvia and Maxwell are at Belfontaine. Jocelyn's out with Euan Templeton."

"Now that's something I wanted to hear all about."

They had so much gossip to exchange that they had finished tea and the sun had already sunk before they began to talk about their children.

"Have you heard from Maxwell?" he asked finally. "He's planning to run for council."

"Oh, dear!" she said.

"I'm worried about Jocelyn, too," he went on. "She must be got out of here. It's time she went back to England."

"We've discussed that before. She'd feel very lost."

"She would, if she went alone. We must go with her."

"Have you talked to the children about this?"

"I wanted to see you first. I did not want to say anything to Jocelyn till I had talked to Maxwell. Anyway, we can discuss it with him on the night of the Nurses' Dance. . . ."

Betty Fleury had not seen her son since her return. She made that fact the excuse for inviting no other guests. "It's too long since we were just ourselves," she said.

She had planned with Julian when and in what way they should raise the question of the English visit. They had both agreed that it would be better if she brought it up.

"Your father and I are worrying about Jocelyn," she began. "She ought to meet some more eligible young men. She ought to spend six months in England; but if she went alone, it might not work out well. We want to take her back ourselves. But I don't want her to think that she's the reason for our going.

"I am going to say that I am worried about your father's health, he needs the change of a cool climate and the advice of a European doctor; moreover, I want to see my cousins. Jocelyn must be made to feel that we have quite strong personal reasons for wanting to go back to England." Betty Fleury paused; she looked interrogatively at her son. "Do you agree with me?"

"I do, but how'll you manage about the Jamestown office?"

His father intervened. "That's the very point. The work in town is tricky; it could be carried on only by someone in whom I had the most perfect trust. There is no one employed in the office in whom I have that trust."

"Then I don't see——"

"What I suggest is this: that you come into Jamestown, live here, and run the store until I come back. I know it's a lot to ask, giving up your home, but it wouldn't be for long."

He paused; he looked from one to the other. He noted an eager flash in Sylvia's eyes. He had been right in guessing that she was bored at Belfontaine.

Maxwell had noted that look, too. Anger shot along his nerves. Did she want to come into town so that she would have more opportunities of seeing the man who smoked Turkish cigarettes?

"This needs thinking about," he said.

The Nurses' Dance was held in the St. James's. The governor's party was not expected until ten o'clock, and when the band started to play at half past nine no one took the floor, though a number of men stood round the bar and half the tables were occupied. Ten chairs had been set round David Boyeur's table. He was not the host, but he was behaving as though he were; wherever he was, he made himself the centre of conversation.

He kept his eye upon the car park. He was anxious not to miss the arrival of the governor's party. He wanted to see out of which car Margot stepped. He had not seen her for a week. The game was up and he knew when to cut his losses. When a woman was through with you, there wasn't a thing to do. He wasn't going to have people saying: "Look at David Boyeur, hanging round the Bon Marché when the bird has flown." He had spoken openly to his friends: "We've had two good years, and at our ages that's enough. We've stayed friends, naturally. Why shouldn't we?"

He was most anxious that everyone should have a chance of seeing this evening that he had not spoken idly. And, indeed, he bore her no ill-will. His self-esteem was flattered by her success. Margot was an ally he did not propose to lose. For him she was still the pivot of the evening.

The arrival of the G.H. party was like the raising of a curtain on a play: there was a general feeling of "Now we can start to enjoy ourselves."

His Excellency was aware of their attention and it pleased him. It was a new experience for him. He looked round the room complacently. It was time for him to open the ball. He looked round his table. His glance rested upon Margot. Everyone would be wondering whether he would choose Jocelyn Fleury first, or Mavis Norman. He would surprise them. He had scarcely spoken to this pretty little girl. It was time he did. He rose to his feet, walked round the table. He bowed. "Will you give me the pleasure of this dance?"

DAVID BOYEUR, watching, raised his eyebrows. An idea that he immediately dismissed crossed his mind. The governor was a widower, but that surely was an impossibility. He watched them as they danced. His Excellency was much taller than Margot. He danced stiffly, yet there was a jauntiness about his movements. He was smiling. He seemed to be enjoying himself.

He was. He had expected that Margot would be tongue-tied and a little coy. To his surprise, she chatted away naturally.

"Tell me about yourself," he said. "You're a cousin of David Boyeur, I believe."

"A distant one."

"He's a young man for whom I prophesy a very brilliant future. You must all be very proud of him."

"That's what he keeps telling us we should be."

Again His Excellency chuckled. "They also tell me that you work at the Bon Marché pharmacy."

"For the time being, but I've taken shorthand and typing classes. I'm a qualified stenographer. I suppose you haven't a place for me?"

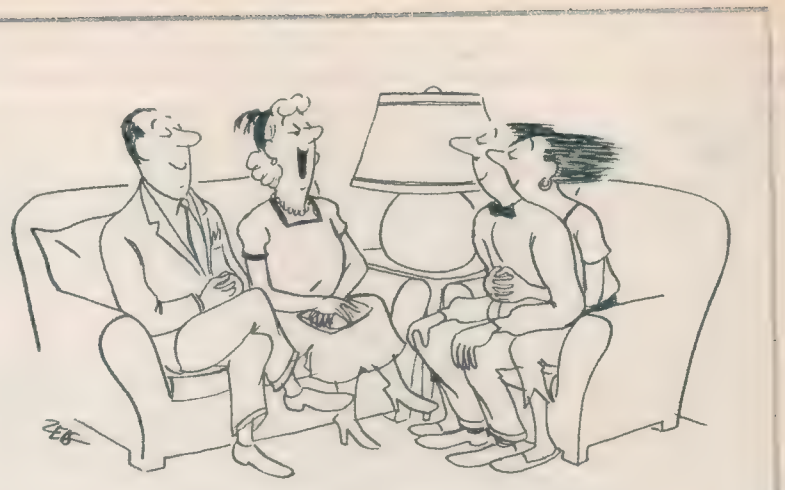
That took the great man's breath away. He looked at her quickly, then felt reassured. She was not being impertinent. She was someone who said as a matter of course whatever was in her mind. It would be fun to have her around.

"I didn't think you'd dance as well as this," she said.

That decided him. He needed some lightness in his routine. He'd have her shorthand and typing checked, and if she made the grade a place would be found for her.

When it was seen that the governor's first choice was not to be Jocelyn Fleury, Euan Templeton caught her eye across the table. "Shall we?" his look said; she nodded and they rose together. Their steps fitted well. It was the first time he had had a chance of talking to her. It was a relief to be with her again; at dinner he had sat next to Mavis. Mavis had looked pleased enough when they had met that evening, but before they had gone into dinner the pace of their conversation had begun to flag. They had not much common ground.

He looked for Mavis. She was dancing with Colonel Carson. They were attempting—at least, he was attempting, she was executing—a form of jitterbug. Her movements were provocative. Euan's eyes lightened. Another quarter of an hour and they



"Tell us more about your motor-cycle trip"

HAPPINESS—6

It is a commonplace among moralists that you cannot get happiness by pursuing it. That is only true if you pursue it unwisely.

Bertrand Russell

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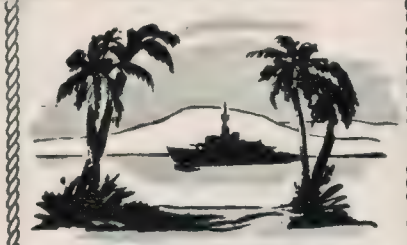

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PER-1330-1781

would dance together. It would be easier when they were dancing.

The music stopped; the governor looked around the table. It was time for refreshments. He caught Archer's eye; the A.D.C. hurried to the kitchen.

Archer returned to find Margot by herself. It was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. He held his hand out to her. It was the first time that they had danced together. He knew nothing about her, at the same time he knew everything; as she did about him. There was no pretence between them; they did not speak, there was no need.

Their steps fitted in an easy rhythm. He was not holding her close; his right hand rested but did not press against her shoulder; the palm of his left hand lay level against hers. But even so, that light touch was a courtship.

As the music stopped, once again he caught his boss's eye. What was it now? A title for a book crossed his mind: *H.E.'s Lackey, or the Unprivate Life Of An A.D.C.*

"Yes, sir," he said.

"I want to talk to Julian Fleury, but I don't want it to seem that I have especially asked him over; will you invite his wife as well, and the two young people?"

The manoeuvre was carried out. "I want an excuse for not dancing for at least ten minutes," the governor said to Julian. "I think that two old fogies like ourselves should be allowed a gossip."

He brought the talk around at once to what he had in mind. "I wanted you to be the first to know," he said. "The new constitution is to be introduced right away. There will be three nominated members on the Legislative Council. I want you, my dear fellow, to be one of them. I hope you will accept. You will be doing me a great kindness if you will."

"I'm honoured and I'm touched," said Julian Fleury.

It was indeed an honour, and he was very touched. He would also enjoy the exercise of his duties. There was only one obstacle. If he took Jocelyn back to England, he might have to resign his seat. He could cross that bridge when he came to it.

They began to discuss island politics while around them the atmosphere of the dance became wilder. More and more groups broke into jitterbug. The separate parties had disintegrated. Groups had split up and had re-formed.

Carson was at the bar and Maxwell was at his side. For Maxwell it had been a reasonably satisfactory evening. Nothing had happened to disturb his vanity. Sylvia had been friendly, almost affectionate. Perhaps he had been fancying things. Maybe it would be a good idea if they accepted his father's suggestion and came to live in Jamestown.

Euan Templeton was dancing with Mavis. He rested his cheek against hers. She did not move away.

Maxwell, watching from the bar, noted them with a smile. "Those two don't seem to be wasting time," he said.

Carson guffawed. "The punters at the Aquatic Club were laying four to one on her this afternoon. The odds will shorten when this gallop is reported."

He put his hand into his hip pocket and brought out his cigarette case. It was a large case; he was a heavy smoker. He took out a cigarette, then offered it to Maxwell. Each flap was divided into two sections; one of these sections contained thicker cigarettes. Maxwell hesitated, then took one of them. He read on the thin paper, in gold lettering, Laurens Alexandria.

"Do you often smoke these?" he asked.

"Occasionally. On occasions."

Maxwell's hand was trembling as he lit a match. He hardly dare kindle it.

He took a whiff. There was no doubt about it.

It was like no sensation that he had felt before: rage, impotence, horror, sickening apprehension. Carson was the last person he would have suspected, the last person he would have had it be. What chance did he stand against Carson?

He looked desperately round the room. Sylvia was with Jocelyn, standing beside that agitator fellow and that pretty half-caste from the pharmacy. He hurried over. He was blind with misery. He had to get Sylvia home. He could not stand another minute here.

"It's time we were going. Let's be on our way." He ignored Margot, ignored Boyeur. To his sister he said: "Are you coming with us or will you stay on? Mother and Father have gone back."

"It's late. I might as well come, too."

"Right. Then we're off," said Maxwell. He put his hand under Sylvia's elbow.

Boyeur clenched his teeth. To be ignored in this way; and in front of Margot. Never had he felt more humiliated. I've a score to settle there, he thought. And, boy, I'll settle it!

Back in their room at his father's, Maxwell once again watched through the mosquito netting Sylvia brush out her hair.

She was chatting, brightly, about the evening.

"You much prefer it here in Jamestown, don't you?" he said. "You'd like to fall in with my father's plans and have me take over the town side of things."

"If it would suit you all right."

"It would suit me all right."

It would, indeed, suit him very well. He could keep track of Carson's movements; lay traps. Now that he knew whom he was fighting, the road was easy. Yes, it would be much better if they came into Jamestown.

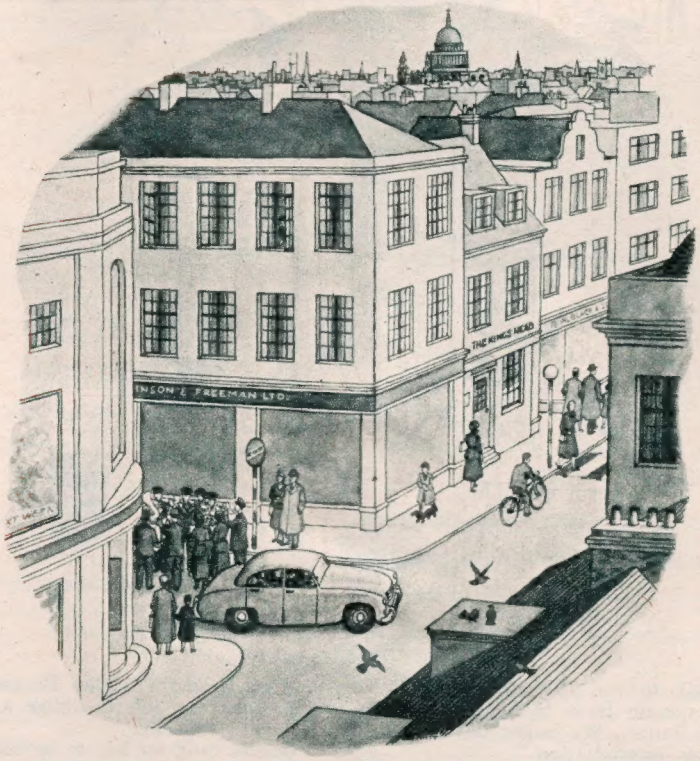
His hands behind his head clasped each other with an angry, exulting promise: as though they were making a pact with each other. When the time came, they would know what to do.

To be continued next week

"Island In The Sun," by Alec Waugh, will be published by Cassells on February 23 at 16s.

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this London scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? For a barrister-at-law's answer, see page 54



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

The Wings Of Death

Continued from page 17

moment I really began to paint. What's more, the dealers began to notice me."

I'd noticed the sheet that was almost certainly covering a canvas on the large easel just beyond where we were seated, and that above it was some kind of overhead lighting; so I asked what he had in hand at the moment. He got to his feet at once, and removed the dust sheet.

"It's only in its very early stages, as you see. All the same, I think it'll be rather good. The Lazy Servant, the Idle Servant—something like that."

It wasn't hard to see what he meant. Bold lines in charcoal and chalks were an illustration to his brief descriptions. It was to be the interior of a farm kitchen by the light of an over-hanging oil-lamp. The servant would be barely visible in the background, asleep in a chair; on the table the various vegetables she should have been preparing for the evening meal.

Certain colours had already been touched in—the copper, for instance, of a foreground pan. I thought it would be a typical Larne: practically no deviation from classical perspective and line and yet with a sharp, intriguing modernity, and, as always, a unique brilliance of colour.

I was saying how much I could foresee in it when there was a tap at the door. The manservant announced the arrival of the model. Larne glanced at his watch. I looked at mine and it was already five o'clock.

"*Alors, Pierre.*" He waved a hand, then turned to us. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, to bring your visit to so abrupt an end. Perhaps you may be able to come again."

The model came in. She was a girl of about twenty with an attractive Slavic face. She stood for a moment while Larne looked at her. He gave a nod.

"You are Elise Faure, and you come in place of Hortense?"

She smiled at his smile. He waved at the curtained recess at the far end of the studio, and Gallois and I moved towards the door. Larne accompanied us to the outer door and we thanked him for his kindness in seeing us. He was deprecatingly charming about it and he told me to give his warmest regards to Frank Lobell.

Gallois had business to attend to, so I walked by myself along the river to a café-restaurant I'd noticed on our way to Larne's house, and had tea, and then continued to St. Sulpice and began looking for the rue Colignot and Perlot's *appartement*

I'd thought it would be in an apartment house, but it wasn't: it was a self-contained flat above a small grocery, and a side entrance with a short flight of bare stairs led up to the landing.

There was only one door at which to knock and, as I did so, I saw that the door was slightly ajar. I waited for a moment and then gently pushed the door open. What little I could see of the room was in front of my nose: the rest was darkness.

It was like a cold douche. Perlot had assured me that he would be in at six o'clock. Then it struck me that he might be in some inner room and it wouldn't be too much of a liberty to call him. But first I felt for the light switch.

"Monsieur Perlot!"

I didn't call a second time. I didn't need to. The sudden light had dazzled my eyes for a moment but I could see well enough now what there was to be seen. Jules Perlot was lying on the floor and from his back was protruding the handle of a knife.

Ten minutes later the *Brigade Criminelle* arrived. It took me quite a time to convince the *inspecteur* in charge that he ought to ring Gallois, and until Gallois came I was kept out on the dim landing. Even when Gallois did arrive there was nothing I could do but tell him how I'd spent my hour and what I'd found on knocking at Perlot's door. A few minutes later I was allowed to go to my hotel. It was not till after dinner that Gallois rang me there.

"Anyone could have walked up there," he said. "Nothing's been discovered at all unless it's something you can help us to prove. You say Perlot was writing a book?"

"So he said."

"I just wanted confirmation," he told me. "The peculiar thing is that there was no manuscript in that apartment. No notes—nothing."

"Wouldn't there be a woman who cleans the apartment?"

"Yes, but she's not available at the moment. We'll be seeing her later."

"And what about Perlot himself?"

Perlot, he said, had been a professor at a famous Ecole de Beaux Arts in the provinces but had retired two years ago on receiving a substantial legacy.

He told me he'd see me some time the next morning but it was just after lunch when he arrived at the hotel. He had discovered only one thing—the woman who came daily to clean the apartment had seen the manuscript on the morning of Perlot's death. It had been on the table by his typewriter, and the table had also been littered with what might have been notes. She had always had strict orders never to touch that table.

"There then is the motive," Gallois said impressively. "Someone desired that manuscript. I asked myself who. Could it be a nephew of Maurice Moulin who was jealous of the fact that he had not been consulted? Might there be something in that manuscript that threw, shall we say, a certain bad light on himself?"

"Come, come!" I said. "A man in Henri Larne's position committing murder!"

"All theories are good till they're proved wrong," he reminded me. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "And this one was wrong. Perlot was stabbed about half an hour before you arrived. At that time Larne was in his studio.

"He can prove it?"

"The model—that Elise Faure—proves it. Last night she was interrogated. She was posing for Larne from

soon after we left till about seven o'clock."

"She wasn't by any chance his mistress? He couldn't have induced her to give false evidence?"

"No, my friend. She is not even one of his regular models. As you and I gathered, she was taking the place of a friend, a certain Hortense. We have seen her too and she confirms it."

There was nothing else I could suggest. I wished him good luck as we said goodbye—I was leaving for home by an afternoon plane—and asked him to let me know how the affair turned out.

When I reached my flat late that afternoon I had another look at that Moulin of mine. Not only had it acquired a new interest but, as I told Bernice—my wife—something ought to be done in the matter of its insurance. Neither fire nor theft was particularly likely, but one never knew: so after the evening meal I wrote to the insurance company increasing the cover to £500. Perlot might have been desirous of pleasing me when he had talked of a thousand pounds, but five hundred seemed to be pretty good for something that had cost me only fifteen.

That mention of the picture's value aroused Bernice's interest and she had a good look at it too.

"Why did Moulin sign his pictures with that curious sort of M?" she asked me. "It's so spread out that it's hardly like an M at all."

"An avoidance of the conventional," I said. "Just one artist's way of seeing an M."

I didn't think any more about that remark till some time later—the evening, to be exact, when the covering note had arrived from the insurance people.

That morning I'd walked the few yards to Leicester Square and bought a couple of Paris newspapers. Neither had a single word about the *affaire Perlot*, and since I'd had no word from Gallois, it seemed pretty certain that nothing in the way of clues had turned up since my return.

An unsolved problem always gnaws at me like a nagging tooth, and I didn't want this one to become an obsession. And another reason why I could hardly avoid it was that very Moulin on my wall, and the appreciative and yet exasperating way it would catch my eye every time I looked up.

In the half-hour the next morning between waking and rising I reviewed everything I knew about the murder of Jules Perlot, however remotely things might seem to be connected. The very last thing to which I came was Bernice's remark about Moulin's peculiar M, and that made me be at the Tate as soon as it was open, for maybe there'd be something peculiar also about that much stranger signature of Henri Larne.

And there was! It brought with it the queerest of ideas and, when they crystallized, there was one so fantastic that—paradoxically enough—it just had to have in it some grain of truth. Had Gallois been told it, he would have laughed and taken it as some curious English joke. And yet I didn't know. In fact I took a chance and rang him.

"Travers here, Lucien. Anything more on the Perlot business?"

"Nothing," he said. "If only we could discover that manuscript we should have a clue. As it is we have nothing."

"Tell me something. I don't say it's going to help, but did Moulin leave any pictures behind him at that place in Algeria where he died?"

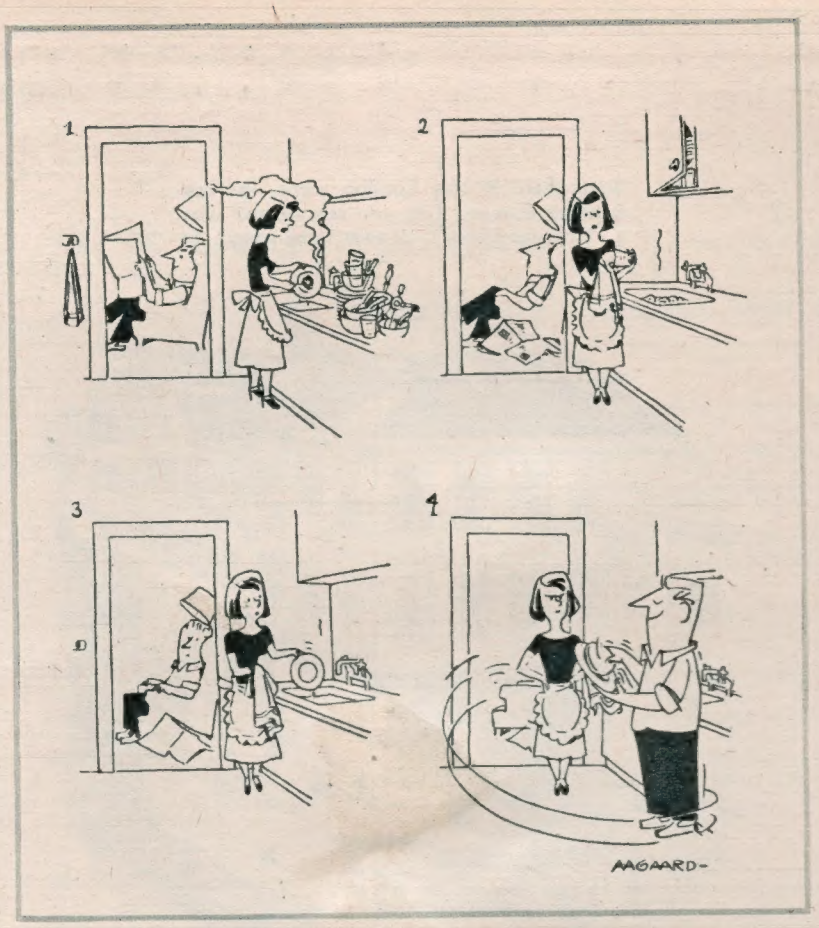
"None," he said. "He died in absolute squalor. Larne went there to try to find him but he was already dead and buried."

Then suddenly I knew that I'd been viewing that idea of mine from the wrong end.

"All the same, I think it might be worth while if I saw you," I said. "There's something that oughtn't to be allowed to wait."

At once there was a stream of questions. All I would say was that I'd take the first available plane and that we'd look for answers when I saw him.

"Just one thing," I said. "I'll come



straight to you at your office and I'd like you to have that model there—Elise Faure. We might have to do a further interrogation."

On the plane that afternoon and during the drive from the airport I had just enough time to think things out. But if the original theory had been fantastic, the one that was bringing me to Paris was fifty times more so. I made that clear to Gallois as soon as I was in his room. He smiled.

"I also have had such theories in my time. But this one, my friend: why do you regard it as fantastic?"

I said I'd tell him after we'd seen Elise Faure. He rang at once for her to be brought in. She was looking ill at ease: not, I guessed, from any feeling of guilt. After all, a second interrogation at the Sûreté isn't exactly something to make one smile, especially when one has no idea of the further questions that will be asked. But I did manage to make her smile, and at the very outset, when I told her that the French I spoke was, as she could already hear, a special brand of my own.

"And now, Elise. Tell us again everything, however trivial, that happened that afternoon when you arrived at the studio."

Nothing had happened, she said. She had put on the peasant dress and Monsieur Larne had set her in the exact pose. He'd extinguished the lights except a special one over the easel, and had put on the headlight. That was all. He had worked till about seven o'clock and then she had left.

"You were cold when you arrived," I said. "It was very cold out of doors. Monsieur Larne didn't by any chance give you something to warm you?"

"He did," she said. "That was why ——" She broke off. A little red came to her pale cheeks. "I mean, after the brandy I felt warm."

"And the room was warm. Everything was warm and comfortable when you'd taken up your pose."

She was looking uneasy again. I hoped I was on the right track.

"You were a lazy servant," I said. "You were supposed to be asleep in the chair." I smiled as I leaned forward. "Tell us, Elise. Is that why you really went to sleep?"

The red flooded her face.

"Just tell me," I said. "No one shall ever know but ourselves."

"Very well," she said. "I did fall asleep. But there was only the dim light and I'm positive Monsieur Larne didn't notice." Her hands rose and fell. "After all, I was supposed to be asleep. And I was tired. All the afternoon I had posed at the Atelier Bérand and I only took the job to oblige a friend, Hortense Rameau."

Gallois rang for her to be taken out. We were most grateful, he said, and would not keep her much longer. In any case her time would be paid for. But it was nervously that she went out. No sooner did the door close behind her than the fist of Gallois was thumping the table.

"So this Larne has no alibi!"

"Not if he drugged the brandy," I said. "Just enough of the drug—say one sleeping tablet—to send her to sleep soundly enough for him to leave the studio without her being aware of it. A bout of coughing would wake her when he came back. Twenty minutes would have been enough."

"Yes," he said. "But what is behind it all? Why did you ask about pictures left in Algeria when there were no pictures?"

"Because of the flying donkey," I said, and reached for a sheet of paper. "Think first of the signature of Maurice Moulin." And I drew the strange M. "And now look at the signature of Larne. We start with the M of Moulin, add two more legs, head, tail, body and finally wings." And I completed a drawing of the donkey with wings.

"Yes," he said. "I admit I was wrong. Larne must have found some of his uncle's pictures after all. All he's been doing is changing the signature and passing them off as his own. That's why Perlot was murdered. He'd begun to suspect it. He as good as told you so. And, though you didn't know it, you told Larne."

"No," I said. "Didn't I tell you I was going to suggest something utterly fantastic? There were no pictures, Lucien. And ask yourself these questions. Why did Larne live in that out-of-the-way, secluded old house when he might have had the finest studio apartment in Paris?"

"Why not?" he said. "But why are you so sure Moulin left no pictures?"

"Each would have been worth a lot of money, that's why. Larne could have sold them for what they were. But the pictures that Larne has been selling as his own are, in everyone's opinion, the kind of thing that Moulin might have painted if he'd lived. They're a culmination of the old Moulin. They show a progressive mastery."

He frowned. He didn't quite see what I was getting at.

"This is the fantasy," I said. "Ask yourself two more questions. Who can prove that Moulin went to Algiers? Who can prove, except Larne, that it was Moulin who died there in that lonely garret?"

He moistened his lips. Then he leaned forward and lifted the telephone receiver. . . .

Our car was hurrying towards Larne's studio—and Larne himself was on the way to the Sûreté, where Gallois had been most humble in requesting his presence in the matter of some help in identifying some stolen pictures.

We left Gallois's two men in the car. The manservant, Pierre, opened the door but he didn't invite us to enter the house.

"I'm sorry, gentleman, but Monsieur Larne is out."

Gallois pushed his way past him.

"I know," he said. "And I have a warrant to search the house."

"To search the house?" He stared. "But why? Who are you?"

Gallois told him. Pierre stared again. Then he whipped round and was out of the door and into the dark. Gallois didn't even trouble to call to his men to stop him.

"Let him go," he said. "If we need him he'll be found."

We searched the house. A room on the top floor had its door locked and it took the strength of both of us to burst it open. Gallois reached for the light switch.

In that almost bare room, its windows closely shuttered, an old grey man was sleeping heavily on a low, camp bed. His open mouth showed gapped and yellow teeth. The bared, thin arms had the pricks of many needles.

"It is Moulin," Gallois said. "They kept him here. They let him recover sufficiently to paint. Maybe they bribed him with drink. Then they drugged him again—the needle or his food. And when he'd finished a picture he'd insist on signing it. Not that it mattered if it pleased him. All Larne had to do was make a donkey that flew."

He drew the coarse blanket up to the sleeping man's chest again. We went downstairs and Gallois called to the two policemen in the car.

They were to remain there, he said, and keep the house under observation. Pierre the manservant might decide, if he saw no lights, to risk coming back.

There was a telephone in the corridor and Gallois used it.

"That you, Mercier? . . . Have an ambulance sent here at once. And a doctor. . . . Larne still there? . . . Tell him I'm just coming. *But keep him there.* If necessary use force, but on no account is he to go. I'm holding you responsible."

He hung up. He turned towards me and there was an irony in his smile.

"You heard that, my friend? The donkey is safe in the stable. And this time he will grow no wings." THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 53

The Metropolitan Police Act of 1839 makes it an offence to "blow a horn or any other noisy instrument in the street for the purpose of calling persons together." A Salvation Army drummer was convicted under the Act in 1890, says a barrister-at-law, and that case, which went to the High Court, is still law. The maximum penalty is a £2 fine. Anyone who finds the noise objectionable can proffer charges.

BIGGEST "Bullets" CHEQUE since PREWAR DAYS!

EVER tried making a *Bullet*? Once you begin, you will find it more absorbing than any other competition of today. And to encourage you to begin *this week*, here is the biggest of postwar rewards for a few words—£1,250 cash for a *Bullet* on your coupon below!

"*I'd* never win!" you may say. But why shouldn't that fortune be *yours*? A Goole civil servant won recently a £500 prize for a *Bullet* about smog. A Henley housewife won £500 for a *Bullet* about laziness. This week a Winchester competitor has won £500 for a tribute to his wife.

Anybody can win in *Bullets* and the scope for your ideas is unlimited. Whatever *you* work at, enjoy half an hour of your leisure this evening in the good company of *Bullets*: the coupon below which you post off by Monday, February 13, may well bring you that £1,250 Tournament prize announced today.

He won £500!

With never a previous cash prize to his credit, Mr. J. Dolley (155 Poplars Avenue, Warrington) won £500 with the coupon shown here. "This prize-money has opened up an Aladdin's cave for me!" he said.

And his *Bullet*? It was: AN ALADDIN'S CAVE — AWAITING "MAGIC CARPET" — SPACE. Think what *you* could do with this week's First Prize for a few words!

£1,250 MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

MOST meritorious of the £750 FIRST PRIZE *Bullets* in Contests 2,025, 2,026, 2,027 and 2,028 brings its sender £750 plus £500 EXTRA—a RECORD Tournament Prize of £1,250 CASH.

£150 FURTHER CASH
£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 200 Special Prizes each value 10s.

UP TO £50 EXTRA CASH SEE COUPON

HOW TO WIN £1,250 CASH

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Wake Up, Britain And	Doing A Man's Job
Road To Peace	Made All The Difference
The Tory Band	Where To Park
Always Wanting Something	Killing
Modern Malady	Girl He Left Behind
In Retirement's Harbour	That Pessimist
Passed Me By	With A Hollow Groan
Thanks To The Stork	A Crafty One
He's No Fool, So	Playing For High Stakes
The Consumer	At The Welfare Clinic

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Queen's.....	What.....Will Say
For A Better.....	Cream Of The.....
Riding On A.....	Letting.....Have It

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,020

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus 12 Surprise Gifts: S. Levey, "Dorchards," Twyford, Winchester:

Those Grey Hairs—All Missus "Owes" *Me*!

£25: M. S. Duncan, 19 Lubbock Close, Earlham, Norwich: WORTH HAVING—IDEAS, *With* "I DARE!"

£10: R. E. Monk, 5 Cromwell Terrace, Speen, Newbury: WHAT RUSSIA'S DOING—"MEASURING" ASIA FOR "CURTAINS"?

OTHER AWARDS. £9: D. G. King, 38 Baker Street, Reading: BE A PAL AND—BUDDY, COMRADE—LET'S *Live*! £8: A. J. Bentley, 6 Tintern House, Augustus Street, London, N.W.1: THOSE GREY HAIRS—UNDER ENGINE-DRIVER'S CAP, *Reassuring*. £7: Miss E. Shearman, 34 Regent Road, Handsworth, Birmingham: HOW TO BE SECURE—MAN WONDERS—"LOCKING" HEART! £6: Mrs. A. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: WORTH MONEY—THAT "MELTS," HOME'S "WARMTH"! £5: Miss L. E. Young, 62 Bridge Street, Pershore: DOESN'T FOLLOW—WHISTLER, DESPAIR'S "BLACK DOG"! £4: G. Beaumont, 34 Welbeck Avenue, Hove: WORTH EVERY—PENNY, MY *Homeward* FARE. £3: A. Brake, 38 High Street, Mountain Ash, Glam: THAT ROBOT—CAN'T *Buy* ITS PRODUCT!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Further 80 prizes of £1 have been posted, also awards to sharers of £25 Jackpot.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries 6d. per *Bullet*. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 25, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,025 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 2,025, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE |6d.
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BULLET
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ADDED OPPORTUNITY—3 "Bullets" for 1s. ONLY

EX.
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B.

UP TO £50 EXTRA —payable in £2 10s. CASH BONUSES, accompanying each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of FIVE or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,025 CLOSING POSTMARK MON., FEBRUARY 13

I agree to rules and enclose P.O.
Value..... No.....

Signed.....
Address.....
.....
832

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LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER GIANT CASH OFFER NEXT WEEK!

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But it must be the right Iron

No one can be fit and well and full of energy unless they get enough iron. Without iron your blood cannot transform your food into living tissue or give you the energy and vitality on which your health and spirits and looks depend.

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A WORD OF ADVICE TO WOMEN

How to Keep Well and Beautiful

If a woman wants to keep well and retain her looks and complexion, she ought to be careful about the medicine she takes.

For one thing she needs something which is gentle and which, without any drastic purging, will clear away poisonous wastes from her system which often make the complexion muddy, ruin her looks and help to bring on Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

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Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve, and you'll look and feel years younger.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

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